

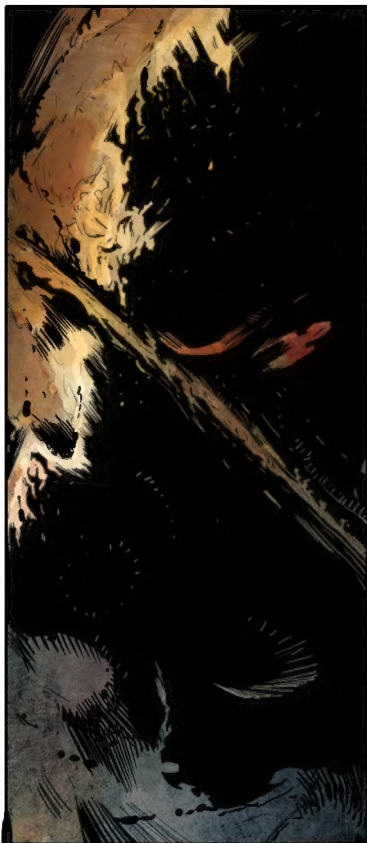
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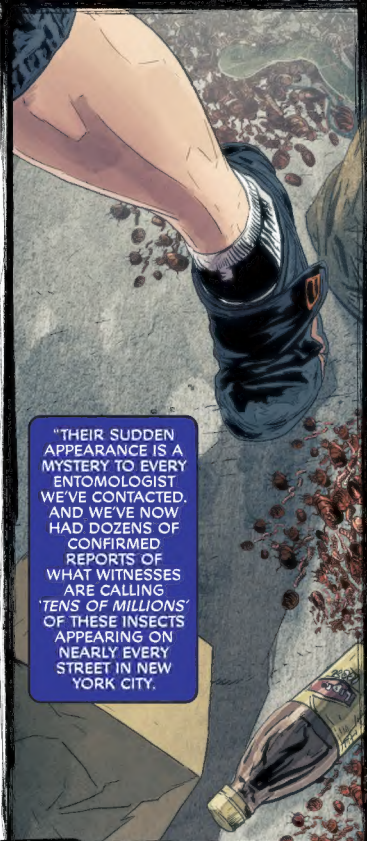
McFARLANE
001



"THEY SEEM TO BE VIRTUALLY EVERYWHERE."



"AND SO FAR, NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO GIVE ANY CREDIBLE ANSWERS TO THE SIMPLE QUESTION 'WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM?'"



"THEIR SUDDEN APPEARANCE IS A MYSTERY TO EVERY ENTOMOLOGIST WE'VE CONTACTED. AND WE'VE NOW HAD DOZENS OF CONFIRMED REPORTS OF WHAT WITNESSES ARE CALLING 'TENS OF MILLIONS' OF THESE INSECTS APPEARING ON NEARLY EVERY STREET IN NEW YORK CITY."



"A FEW FIRES HAVE BEEN SEEN AND THERE ARE REPORTS OF PANIC BREAKING OUT IN A FEW AREAS."



"MANY BUSINESSES HAVE BEGUN SHUTTING DOWN THEIR OFFICES BECAUSE THINGS LIKE THEIR AIR CONDITIONING, COMPUTERS AND ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS ARE BEING CLOGGED BY THE PRESENCE OF THESE CREATURES."

"CITY RESPONDERS ARE CURRENTLY BEING OVERWHELMED BY THE NUMBER OF CALLS COMING IN."

CITY POLICE HAVE ALREADY BEGUN ASSESSING HOW TO GET PEOPLE OUT OF THE CITY, BUT NEWS IS COMING IN THAT SOME INDIVIDUALS ARE HAVING A HARD TIME LEAVING. HEAVY DELAYS ARE EXPECTED ON ALL MAJOR THOROUGHFARES.

MAKING THINGS EVEN MORE DIFFICULT IS THAT MOST CELL PHONES IN THE CITY SEEM TO BE GETTING POOR RECEPTION DUE TO THE INTERFERENCE FROM WHAT SEEMS TO BE A HUGE, MOVING, BLACK CLOUD.

IN FACT, OUR OWN NEWS STATION IN NEW YORK HAS TEMPORARILY LOST ITS SIGNAL, WHICH IS WHY WE'VE HAD TO CUT AWAY FROM THEM. MEANWHILE, WE HERE IN THE ALBANY AREA WILL BRING YOU THE LATEST NEWS AND AS MUCH DETAIL AS WE CAN.

NYC BUG ATTACK **NEWS**

NYC BUG ATTACK **NEWS**

HOW DOES THIS CRAP EVEN GET TO THIS POINT???

DON'T TELL ME NO ONE AT CITY HALL SAW THE WARNING SIGNS THAT THIS KIND OF INFESTATION COULD TAKE PLACE!!



NY'S PEST PROBLEM

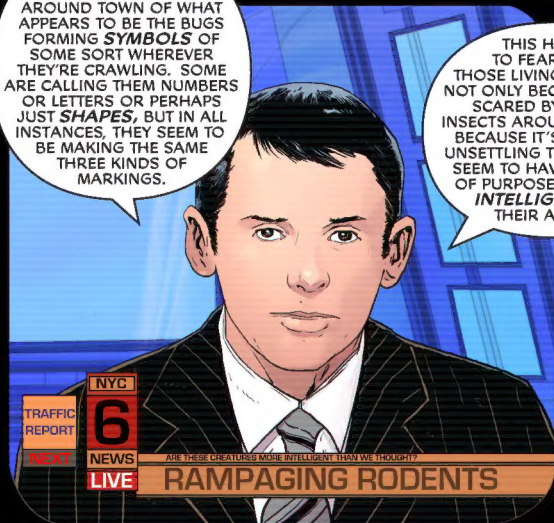
THEY HAVE WORKERS IN THE PARKS AND IN THE SEWERS **EVERY DAY**. A WAVE OF SPIDERS AND COCKROACHES THIS ENORMOUS, DOESN'T JUST GROW **OVERNIGHT!** AND JUST WHERE IN THE **HELL** DO THIS MANY SNAKES AND BATS COME FROM!? I GET **RATS!** THEY'VE PLAGUED THIS CITY FOR **DECADES**. BUT NOT WHAT WE'RE SEEING **NOW!**

I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT THE UPCOMING **APOCALYPSE** TIME AND TIME **AGAIN!** WELL, THIS IS WHAT ALL THOSE DAMN **LIBERALS** HAVE BROUGHT UPON YOUR HEADS!!



ANOTHER STRANGE PART OF ALL THIS, IS THE SIGHTING AROUND TOWN OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE BUGS FORMING **SYMBOLS** OF SOME SORT WHEREVER THEY'RE CRAWLING. SOME ARE CALLING THEM NUMBERS OR LETTERS OR PERHAPS JUST **SHAPES**, BUT IN ALL INSTANCES, THEY SEEM TO BE MAKING THE SAME THREE KINDS OF MARKINGS.

THIS HAS LED TO FEARS FROM THOSE LIVING IN THE CITY, NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY'RE SCARED BY SO MANY INSECTS AROUND THEM, BUT BECAUSE IT'S EVEN MORE UNSETTLING THAT THE BUGS SEEM TO HAVE SOME TYPE OF PURPOSE, OR **SEMI-INTELLIGENCE**, TO THEIR ACTIONS.



NYC

6

NEWS LIVE

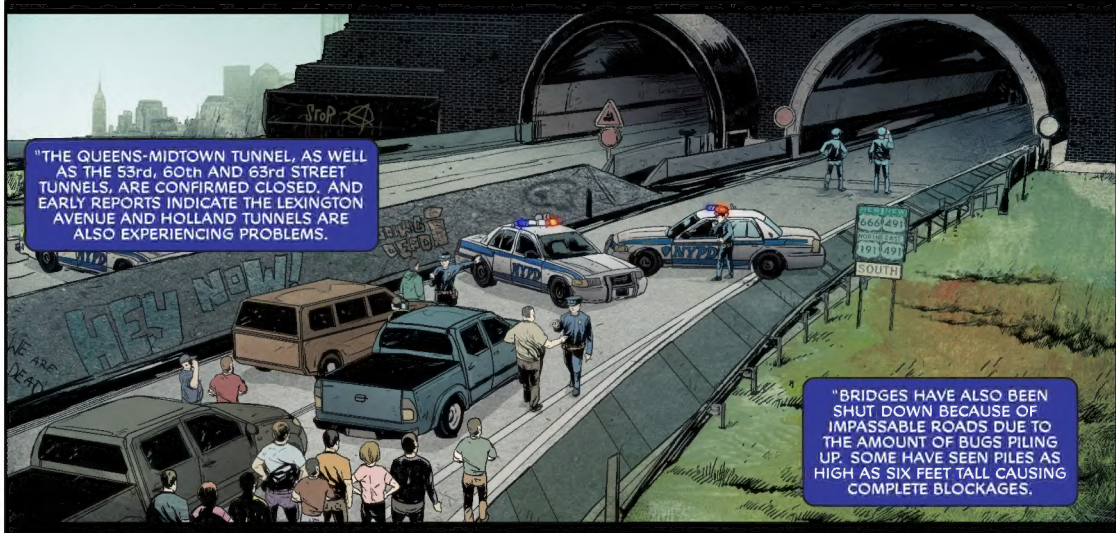
RAMPAGING RODENTS





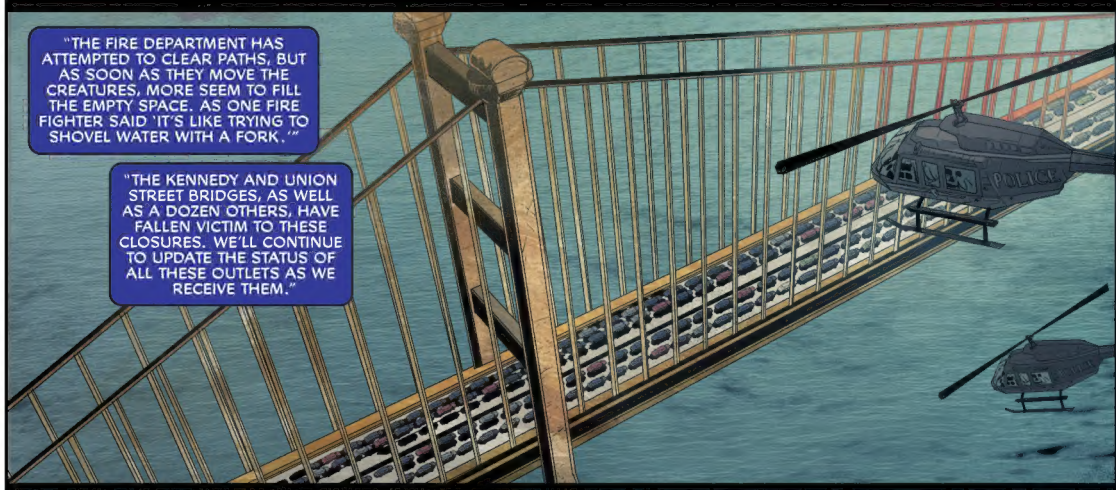
"STATE OFFICIALS HAVE SAID THEY'VE ALREADY CALLED IN OUTSIDE REINFORCEMENTS AND EXPECT THEM TO ARRIVE SHORTLY."

"IN THE MEANTIME, SOURCES ARE TELLING US THAT DOZENS OF ROAD CLOSURES HAVE ALREADY BEGUN, CAUSING HUGE TRAFFIC JAMS FOR THOSE WANTING TO GET IN OR OUT OF THE CITY."



"THE QUEENS-MIDTOWN TUNNEL, AS WELL AS THE 53rd, 60th AND 63rd STREET TUNNELS, ARE CONFIRMED CLOSED, AND EARLY REPORTS INDICATE THE LEXINGTON AVENUE AND HOLLAND TUNNELS ARE ALSO EXPERIENCING PROBLEMS."

"BRIDGES HAVE ALSO BEEN SHUT DOWN BECAUSE OF IMPASSABLE ROADS DUE TO THE AMOUNT OF BUGS PILING UP. SOME HAVE BEEN PILES AS HIGH AS SIX FEET TALL, CAUSING COMPLETE BLOCKAGES."



"THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS ATTEMPTED TO CLEAR PATHS, BUT AS SOON AS THEY MOVE THE CREATURES, MORE SEEM TO FILL THE EMPTY SPACE. AS ONE FIRE FIGHTER SAID 'IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SHOVEL WATER WITH A FORK.'"

"THE KENNEDY AND UNION STREET BRIDGES, AS WELL AS A DOZEN OTHERS, HAVE FALLEN VICTIM TO THESE CLOSURES. WE'LL CONTINUE TO UPDATE THE STATUS OF ALL THESE OUTLETS AS WE RECEIVE THEM."



"FOR NOW, POLICE ARE REROUTING TRAFFIC AS BEST AS THEY CAN. SO PATIENCE IS BEING REQUESTED FROM OFFICIALS."

ANY IDEA HOW LONG BEFORE WE GET MOVING AGAIN?

NOT RIGHT NOW.



WALK... DON'T RUN TO THE NEAREST EXITS.

BUT IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I HEAR PEOPLE IN THE SUBWAYS ARE COMPLETELY SCREWED TOO.



HEARD ON THE RADIO SOMETHING ABOUT AIR SUPPORT. WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?

COULDN'T SAY.

ISN'T THAT ODD? SENDING IN JETS INSTEAD OF TRUCKS?

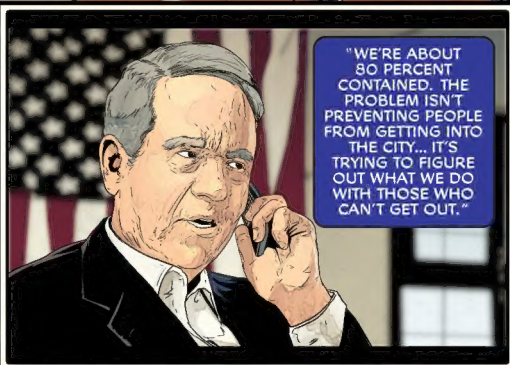
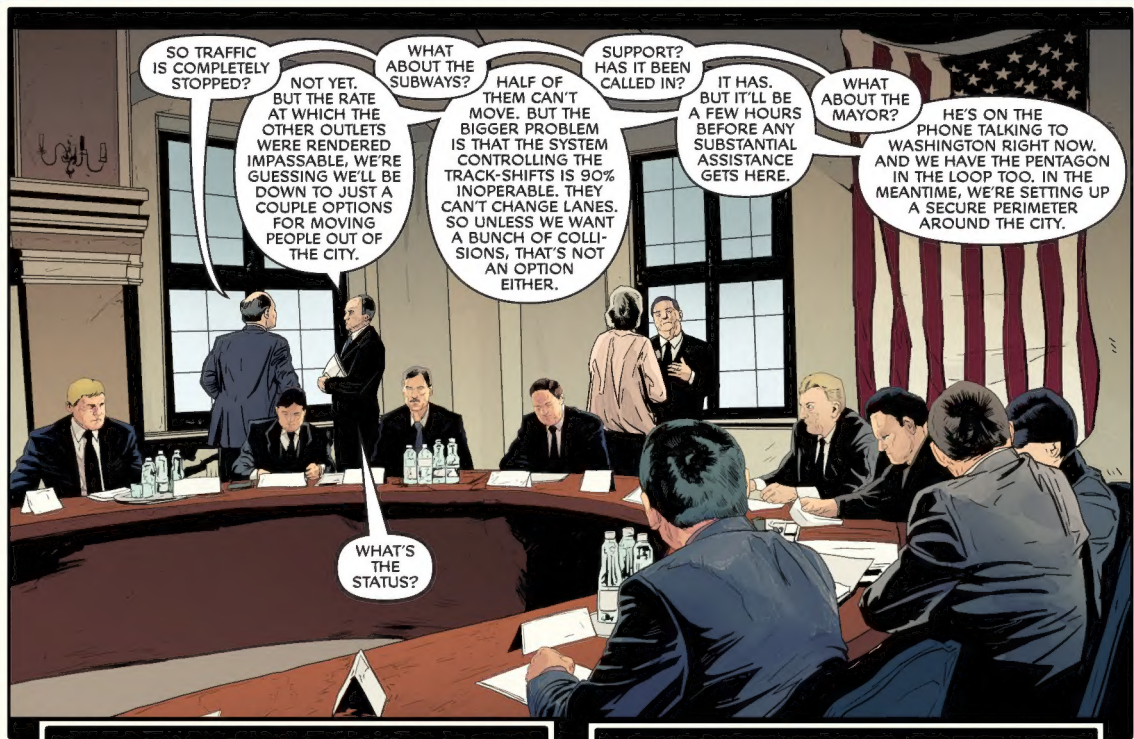
I'M SURE THEY HAVE THEIR REASONS. MAYBE THEY WANT TO...

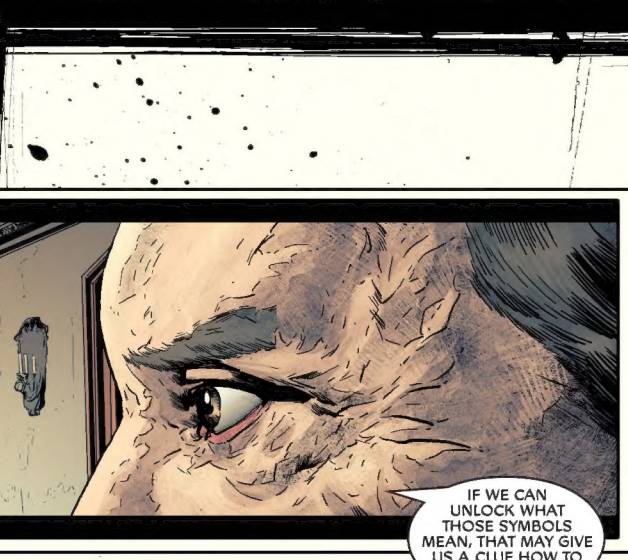
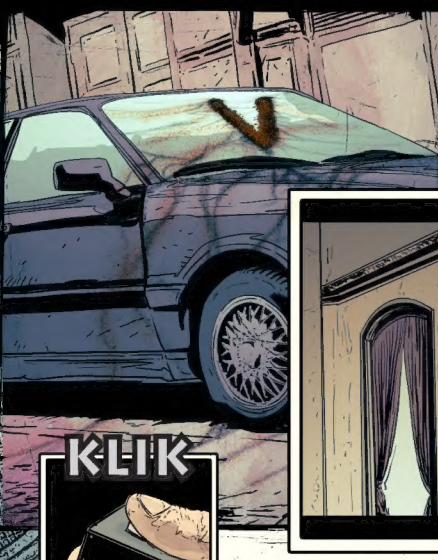
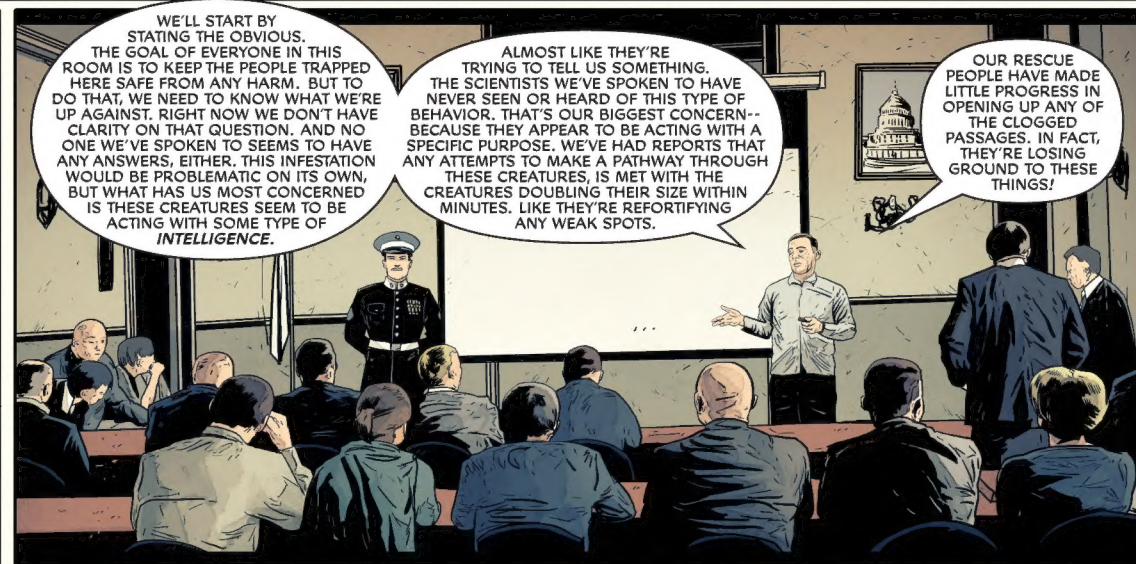
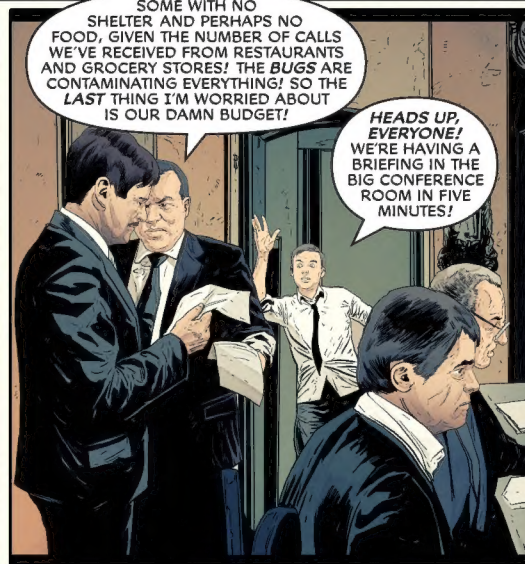


holy
shit!









"AND THEY'RE MAKING THEM IN ANY SIZE, IN ANY PLACE."

IF WE CAN UNLOCK WHAT THOSE SYMBOLS MEAN, THAT MAY GIVE US A CLUE HOW TO DEFEAT THEM.

PICTURES ARE SPREADING ALL THROUGH THE SOCIAL NETWORK SITES. CELL PHONE PHOTOS AND VIDEO HAVE CAPTURED SOME SCENES OF PEOPLE BEING INUNDATED BY A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT ANIMALS AND INSECTS. WE MUST WARN YOU... SOME OF THESE IMAGES ARE QUITE GRAPHIC. BE PREPARED.

THIS VIDEO DEPICTS A YOUNG COUPLE TRYING DESPERATELY TO SCRAPE OFF THE BUGS THAT HAVE ATTACKED THEM. BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, THEIR EFFORTS ONLY SEEM TO ATTRACT MORE OF THE INSECTS. SADLY WE DON'T HAVE ANY INFORMATION ON WHETHER THIS COUPLE WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED. BUT FROM WHAT WE CAN SEE, IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE THEY WEREN'T.

PANIC ALSO CONTINUES ON THE EAST SIDE AS...

TWITCH...?

HERE'S THE DATA YOU REQUESTED. AND YOU WERE RIGHT. THE NUMBERS DO SEEM TO REPEAT.

THANKS, BILL.

Minutes Later.

SAM. WE NEED TO TALK.

AWAY FROM EVERYONE.

YOU SEEMED PRETTY FOCUSED LOOKING AT THOSE REPORTS. ANYTHING GOOD IN THEM?

I THINK I'VE GOT A LEAD.

A LEAD ON WHAT?

ON WHY THOSE BUGS ARE HERE.

ALRIGHT! YOU HAVE MY ATTENTION. I'M ALL EARS.



THOSE GIANT SYMBOLS, THE BUGS ARE MAKING EVERYWHERE... THEY'RE NUMBERS.

THAT'S WHAT YOU AND COG KEEP SAYING. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW ONE OF THEM LOOKS LIKE A 'V.'

IT IS A 'V,' BUT NOT THE LETTER. IT'S THE ROMAN NUMERAL FIVE, WHICH ALSO LOOKS LIKE A 'V.' AND IF THAT'S TRUE THEN THE THREE NUMBERS THEY'RE SCRAWLING ALL OVER ARE...

ONE. FIVE. AND SEVEN. OKAY, SO WHAT?



THOSE THREE NUMBERS ARE INEXPLICABLY LINKED TO JIM DOWNING. REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU THAT I SPENT TIME WITH DOWNING WHILE YOU WERE IN THE HOSPITAL?* WHEN I WAS WITH HIM, HE TOLD ME SOME THINGS. SOME THINGS ABOUT HIS PAST.

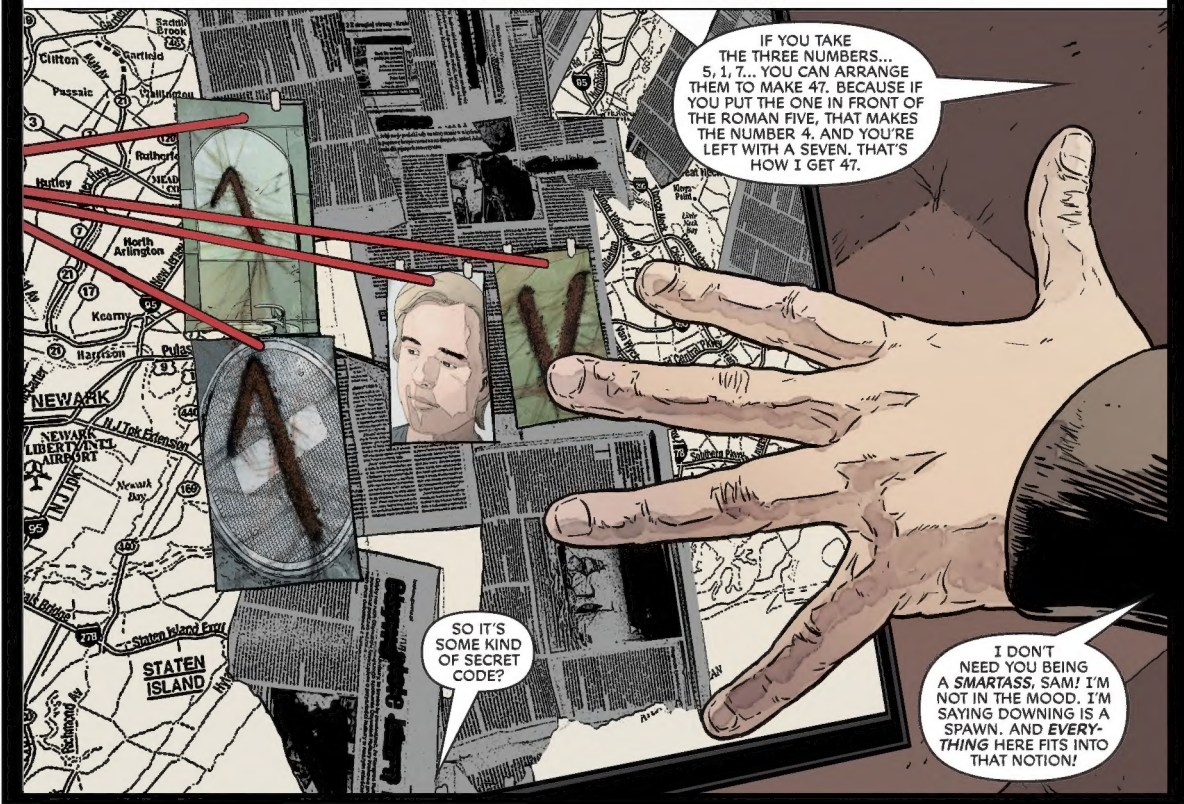
I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T HAVE A PAST.

*Beginning in issue 199--Todd



HE DOESN'T. BUT HE HAS PIECES OF IT. AND THE BIGGEST PIECE WAS HIM BEING CALLED "PATIENT 47."

I'M NOT FOLLOWING.



IF YOU TAKE THE THREE NUMBERS... 5, 1, 7... YOU CAN ARRANGE THEM TO MAKE 47. BECAUSE IF YOU PUT THE ONE IN FRONT OF THE ROMAN FIVE, THAT MAKES THE NUMBER 4. AND YOU'RE LEFT WITH A SEVEN. THAT'S HOW I GET 47.

SO IT'S SOME KIND OF SECRET CODE?

I DON'T NEED YOU BEING A SMARTASS, SAM! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD. I'M SAYING DOWNING IS A SPAWN. AND EVERYTHING HERE FITS INTO THAT NOTION!



DOWNING CAME OUT OF HIS COMA AT 1:57 A.M., AND THE DATE WAS JULY 15th OF LAST YEAR. JULY IS THE SEVENTH MONTH. THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF THE SEVENTH MONTH. I ALSO LOOKED IT UP-- REMEMBER THAT HUGE GREEN LIGHT THAT MYSTERIOUSLY STRUCK THE CITY AWHILE BACK?*

A FRIEND OF MINE, WHO WORKS IN WASHINGTON, MADE A FEW CALLS AND HE SAID THE GOVERNMENT METEOROLOGISTS LOGGED IT IN AS HAPPENING THE SAME DAY THAT DOWNING CAME OUT OF HIS COMA... AT THE SAME TIME... 1:57 A.M.

AND IF YOU LOOK AT THE REST OF WHAT I BROUGHT, YOU'LL SEE THE SAME TYPE OF PATTERNS. HELL, EVEN THE ORIGINAL SPAWN, AL SIMMONS, SOMEHOW TIES INTO THIS. HE DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, WORKING FOR A SECRET SECURITY DEPARTMENT. GUESS WHAT DEPARTMENT NUMBER HE WORKED IN?

FIVE SEVENTY-ONE.

I'M WAITING ON ONE LAST BATCH OF FILES FROM DOWNING'S FINGERPRINTS. I'M HOPING IT SOLIDIFIES MY THEORIES.

SO HOW DOES IT HELP US? THE CHIEF ISN'T GOING TO CALL THE MAYOR AND TELL HIM TO START CHASING DOWN THE TOWN'S LOCAL CELEBRITY.



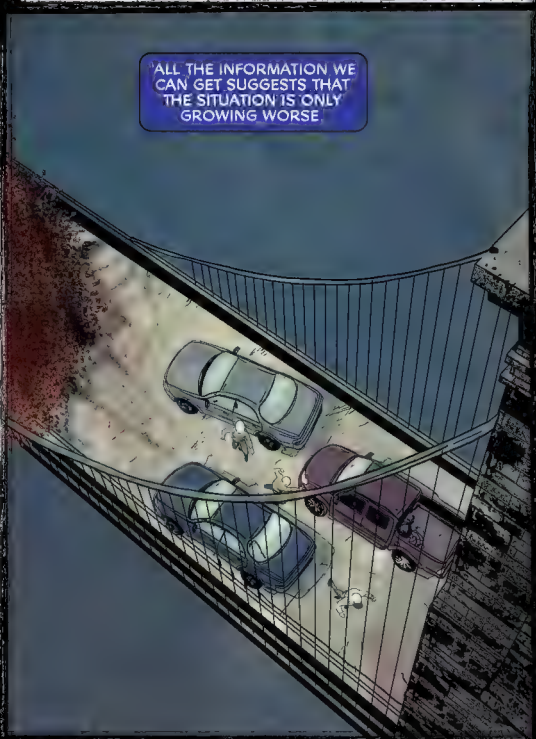
UNLIKE MANY OF OUR RIVAL NEWS OUTLETS, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO STAY ON THE AIR. MANAGEMENT IS CONCERNED THAT WE AREN'T SURE HOW MUCH LONGER WE'LL BE ABLE TO CONTINUE, BUT WE'LL BRING YOU AS MUCH DETAIL AS WE CAN FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. IF WE DO LOSE OUR CONNECTION, OUR AFFILIATE IN PHILADELPHIA WILL TAKE OVER OUR BROADCAST. IN THE MEANTIME, HERE'S WHAT HAS BEEN CONFIRMED...

LOCAL OFFICIALS SAY THEY'VE SPOKEN TO BOTH THE WHITE HOUSE AND PENTAGON ABOUT WHAT'S FAST BECOMING A STATE OF EMERGENCY. THE PACE OF CRISIS SITUATIONS FAR OUTWEIGHS WHAT CAN BE ADDRESSED. SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE UNABLE TO GET HOME TO THEIR PARENTS. NEARLY ALL TAXIS AND CARS ARE GRIDLOCKED IN THE STREETS, RENDERING MOST EMERGENCY VEHICLES USELESS. POLICE AND FIREFIGHTERS ARE LEFT WAITING ON THE SIDELINES.

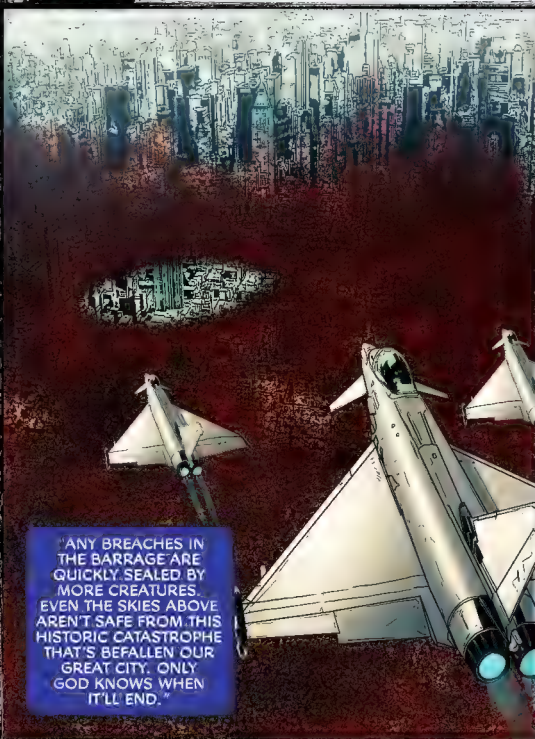
"MOST PEOPLE HAVE ABANDONED THEIR CARS AND ARE TRAVELING ON FOOT IN ANY DIRECTION THEY CAN, BRINGING BACK MEMORIES OF THE SHEER HORROR OF THE 9/11 ATTACKS. ONLY THIS TIME, INSTEAD OF SMOKE AND DEBRIS, THE ATTACK IS ONE OF BUGS, INSECTS AND CRAWLERS, SO THICK THAT ALMOST EVERY MODE OF TRANSPORTATION HAS BEEN IMMOBILIZED.



"ALL THE INFORMATION WE CAN GET SUGGESTS THAT THE SITUATION IS ONLY GROWING WORSE.



"ANY BREACHES IN THE BARRAGE ARE QUICKLY SEALED BY MORE CREATURES. EVEN THE SKIES ABOVE AREN'T SAFE FROM THIS HISTORIC CATASTROPHE THAT'S BEFALLEN OUR GREAT CITY. ONLY GOD KNOWS WHEN IT'LL END."



SO, YOU'RE TELLING ME THE BEST FIGHTER JETS IN THE U.S. ARE BEING BLOCKED BY BIRDS?!

AND BATS.

WHAT?

IT'S NOT JUST BIRDS, IT'S ALSO BATS.

AND OUR PILOTS ARE ESTIMATING THERE'S OVER A MILLION OF THEM. ENOUGH TO DOWN ANY AIRCRAFT TRYING TO FLY LOW ENOUGH TO GET GROUND VISIBILITY.

NONE OF OUR JETS ARE BUILT TO TAKE A THOUSAND DEAD BIRD CARCASSES INTO THEIR ENGINES.

THEN FLY AROUND THEM!

CAN'T! THEY'RE FOLLOWING OUR MOVEMENTS.

SIR! YOU'RE REQUESTED IN THE WAR ROOM.

EVERY TIME ONE OF MY PILOTS TRIES GETTING LOW, THE BIRDS COME UP. WE'VE ALREADY LOST ONE AIRCRAFT.

WE SHOULD HAVE OUR FLEET IN POSITION SOON.

WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE MARINES?

IF WE CAN'T GET TO PEOPLE BY AIR OR ROADWAY, THEN WE'LL HAVE TO GET THEM OUT OF THERE USING OUR SHIPS AS TRANSPORTS.

WE SHOULDN'T.

MY GUT TELLS ME THIS CONTINUES TO GROW. AND IF IT GETS ANY WORSE, WE MAY NEED TO RESORT TO SOME 'EXTREME' ACTS.

LIKE WHAT?

MY BIGGER CONCERN IS HOW DO WE CONTAIN THEM-- THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! WHY WOULD WE THINK THEY WON'T SPREAD INTO OTHER PARTS OF THE STATE?

LIKE HAVING TO BURN THOSE BUGS OUT OF EXISTENCE. UNFORTUNATELY, TO EXECUTE THAT MAY TAKE A HUMAN TOLL.

I UNDERSTAND, SUSAN. THINGS ARE MESS'D UP, BUT I NEED YOU TO CALM DOWN. CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME?

GOOD!

RIGHT NOW, THE MEDIA ISN'T GOING TO GIVE A CRAP ABOUT JIM OR SARA. THEY'VE GOT THIS 'CITY INVASION' STORY RUNNING EVERYWHERE. SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, THEY DON'T MATTER. YOU DO. I WANT YOU SAFE. GET BACK TO OUR APARTMENT. CAN YOU DO THAT?

WHERE ARE YOU AT ANYWAY? ARE THEY LETTING PEOPLE THROUGH ON THOSE STREETS?

THEN FIND ANOTHER WAY! IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLES, CALL ME.

WHAT AM I DOING? I'M TRYING TO SORT THINGS OUT OVER HERE. EVERYONE'S FREAKING OUT. BETWEEN THE BUGS AND SARA'S CONDITION, THEY'RE ALL IN A PANIC. I WISH FOR ONCE SOMEONE ELSE WOULD STEP UP AND TAKE CONTROL.

IT'S EXHAUSTING, ALWAYS...

uh?

Media's Apocalyptic Scenario's Lately.

YOU NEED TO STOP TALKING TO SUSAN. SHE CAN'T BE TRUSTED.

TRUSTED?! WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? SHE'S BEEN BUSTING HER ASS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE MEDIA.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE DOES ANYTHING SHE TELLS YOU ABOUT?

JIM... YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENING?



WHAT'S HAPPENING IS THIS CITY IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE-- BECAUSE OF ME!

YOU MEAN THE BUGS?

I MEAN ALL OF IT! EVERYTHING! AND MY ENEMIES ARE EVERYWHERE!

INCLUDING SUSAN?

INCLUDING SUSAN.



YOU'RE CRAZY.

AND YOU'RE NOT BEING REALISTIC. LOOK AROUND! WHAT DO YOU SEE? YOU THINK THIS CITY, FILLED WITH A BILLION CREATURES AND ME WITH ANGEL WINGS, IS **NORMAL**?!! EVERYTHING'S GONE CRAZY! THE FASTER YOU ACCEPT THAT, THE BETTER.

I'M FIGHTING MY COSTUME RIGHT NOW... WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN HOLD IT BACK. AND THOSE BUGS-- THEY'RE HERE TO ATTACK ME! THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS CITY OR ANYONE LIVING IN IT AS LONG AS THEY GET TO ME.

AND YOU WANT ME TO STOP THEM?

NO! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME! STARTING BY GETTING TO THE HOSPITAL AND MAKING SURE SARA IS SAFE BECAUSE THEY WANT HER TOO. THEY KNOW SHE'S IMPORTANT TO ME AND THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO DEFEAT ME.

WHO'S THEY?

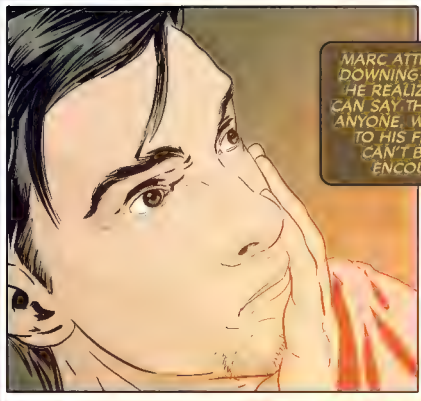
HELL! AND EVERYTHING THAT LIVES IN IT! THEY'RE MAKING ONE LAST EFFORT TO CONTROL ME! THE ONLY THING ON MY SIDE NOW IS TIME. SO I NEED TO DELAY THEM.



LOOK, JIM, THIS IS WAY OUT OF MY LEAGUE! I CAN'T HELP YOU. WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO GET SARA YOURSELF? BRING HER HERE LIKE YOU JUST DID WITH ME?

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! I CAN BARELY MAINTAIN WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME NOW. BESIDES, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT ME TO DO. THEY WANT ME NEAR SARA, SO THEY CAN KILL HER... I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN.





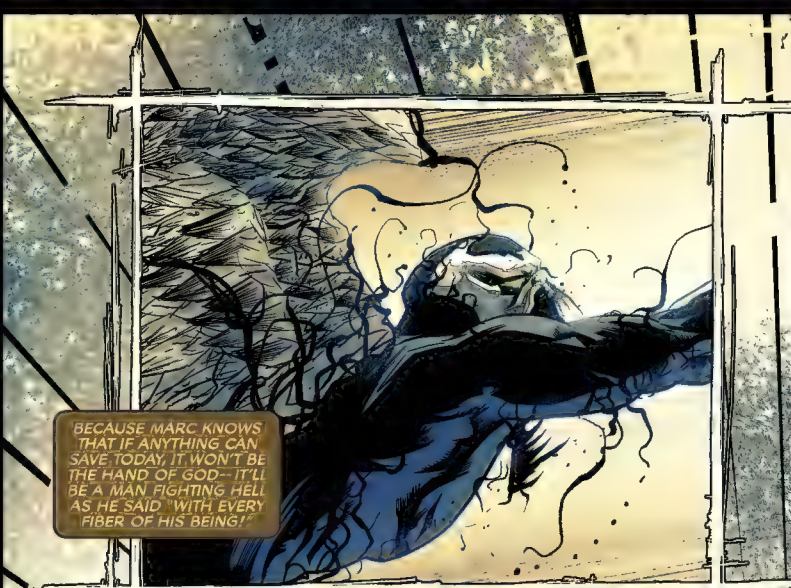
MARC ATTEMPTS TO SHOUT OUT TO DOWNING-- BUT HE STOPS HIMSELF. HE REALIZES THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN SAY THAT WOULD BE HELPFUL TO ANYONE. WHAT'S HAPPENING BELOW TO HIS FRIEND AND TO HIS CITY, CAN'T BE REMEDIED BY A FEW ENCOURAGING COMMENTS.

SO HE STANDS SILENT, STUNNED BY THE GAPING HOLE THAT A FEW MOMENTS AGO WAS A WALL. AND ALL HE CAN DO IS WATCH SPAWN DISAPPEAR INTO THE HORIZON, LIKE SOMETHING SHOT FROM A CANNON.

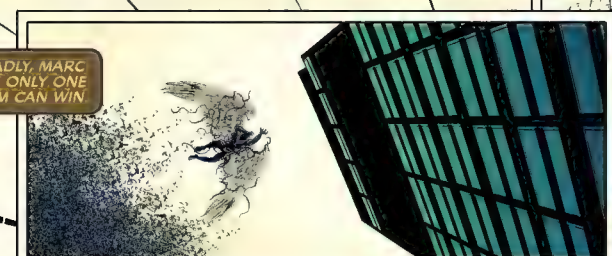
BUT FOR A BRIEF SECOND HE SAW. MARC SAW THE COSTUME RISE AND SWALLOW HIS FRIEND. THAT'S WHAT JIM WAS TALKING ABOUT. THAT'S WHAT JIM SAID. HE WAS TRYING TO FIGHT BACK!



MARC WHISPERS A QUICK PRAYER. HE KNOWS IT'S AN ACT OF DESPERATION, BUT IT'S ALL HE HAS LEFT.



BECAUSE MARC KNOWS THAT IF ANYTHING CAN SAVE TODAY, IT WON'T BE THE HAND OF GOD—IT'LL BE A MAN FIGHTING HELL AS HE SAID "WITH EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING!"




AND SADLY, MARC KNOWS ONLY ONE OF THEM CAN WIN.




WHILE THE OTHER NEEDS TO BE DESTROYED FOREVER!


KISSSH!



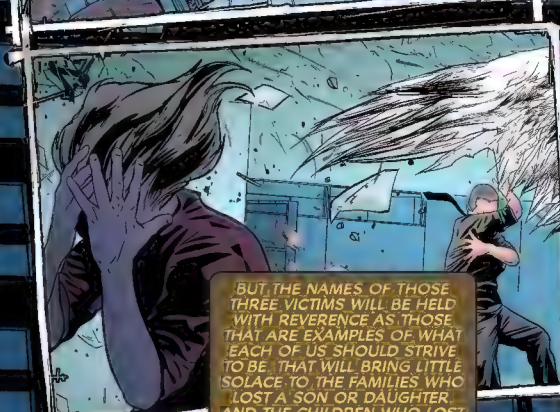
THE PEOPLE OF THIS BUILDING WILL SPEAK ABOUT THIS INCIDENT FOR YEARS TO COME. THEY'LL COMPARE IT TO THE DISASTROUS ATTACK FROM 9/11.



THOUGH ALL WILL, IN TIME, BE GRATEFUL THAT WHATEVER IT WAS THAT CAME FLYING THROUGH THEIR WINDOW, ONLY TOOK THE LIVES OF THREE PEOPLE.



THEY KNOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN MUCH, MUCH WORSE SINCE MOST EMPLOYEES ON THIS FLOOR WERE TWO STORIES ABOVE IN A HUGE CORPORATE MEETING.



BUT THE NAMES OF THOSE THREE VICTIMS WILL BE HELD WITH REVERENCE AS THOSE THAT ARE EXAMPLES OF WHAT EACH OF US SHOULD STRIVE TO BE. THAT WILL BRING LITTLE SOLACE TO THE FAMILIES WHO LOST A SON OR DAUGHTER, AND THE CHILDREN WHO LOST THEIR BELOVED PARENT.



KAASH!



WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? WHY'D YOU DRAG ME DOWN HERE?

I NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THIS CITY.

I HAVEN'T SEEN JIM MUCH... AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'M NOT EXACTLY HIS FAVORITE PERSON RIGHT NOW.

BUT YOU'VE BEEN DRAINING HIS POWERS— EVERY TIME YOU TOUCH HIM.



YOU SHOULD 'FEEL' SOMETHING!



I DO. EVEN INSIDE THIS HUMAN HOST, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE. WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, THERE'S GREEN AND BLACK, A WHOLE LOT OF BLACK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.


IT MEANS WHAT'S HAPPENING ISN'T JUST BECAUSE OF DOWNING.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?!


BECAUSE THE COLORS DON'T LIE. IF THERE'S AS MUCH BLACK AS YOU SAY... THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE. AND THAT SOMETHING IS WHY THE BUGS ARE HERE. THEY REPRESENT **EVIL**, AND **POWER**. AND THE MORE OF THEM, THE BIGGER THE EVIL THAT'S COMING.

OR ITS' POWER, RIGHT?

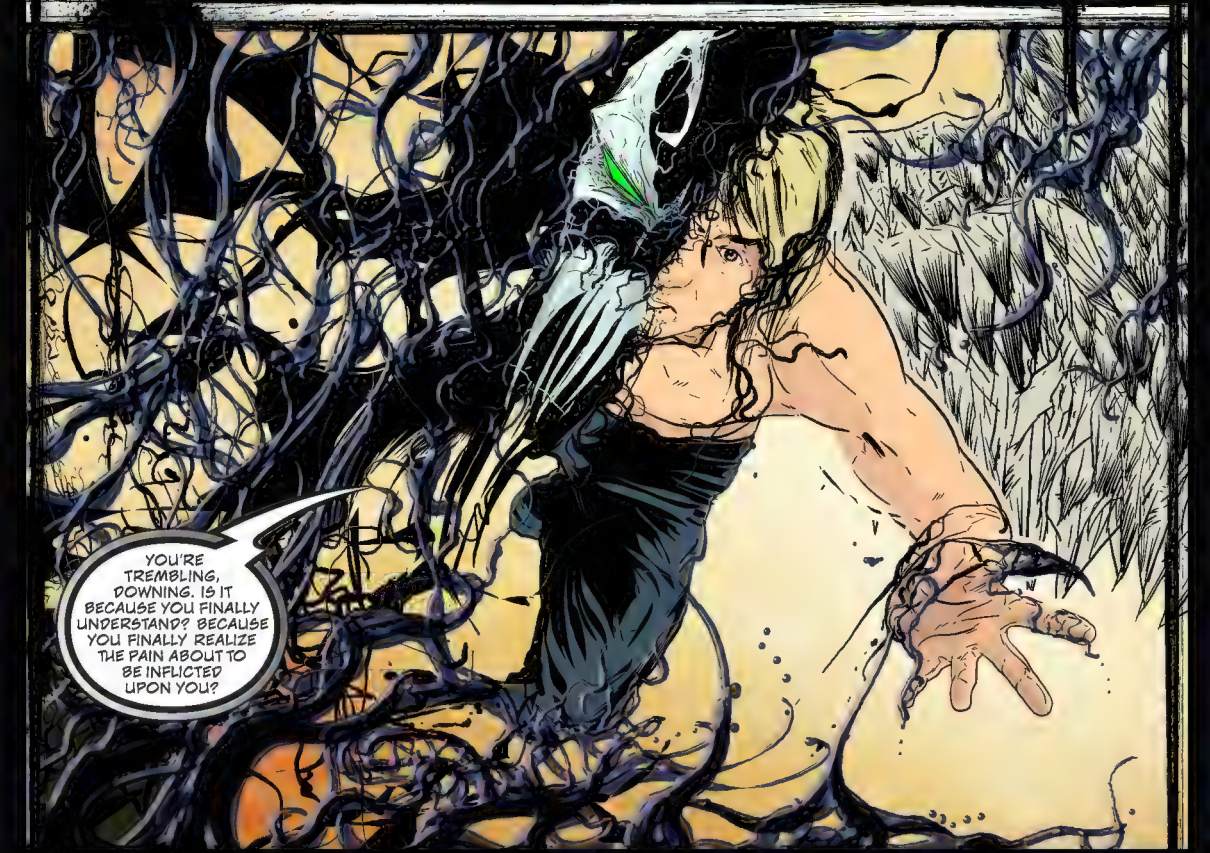
OR BOTH.



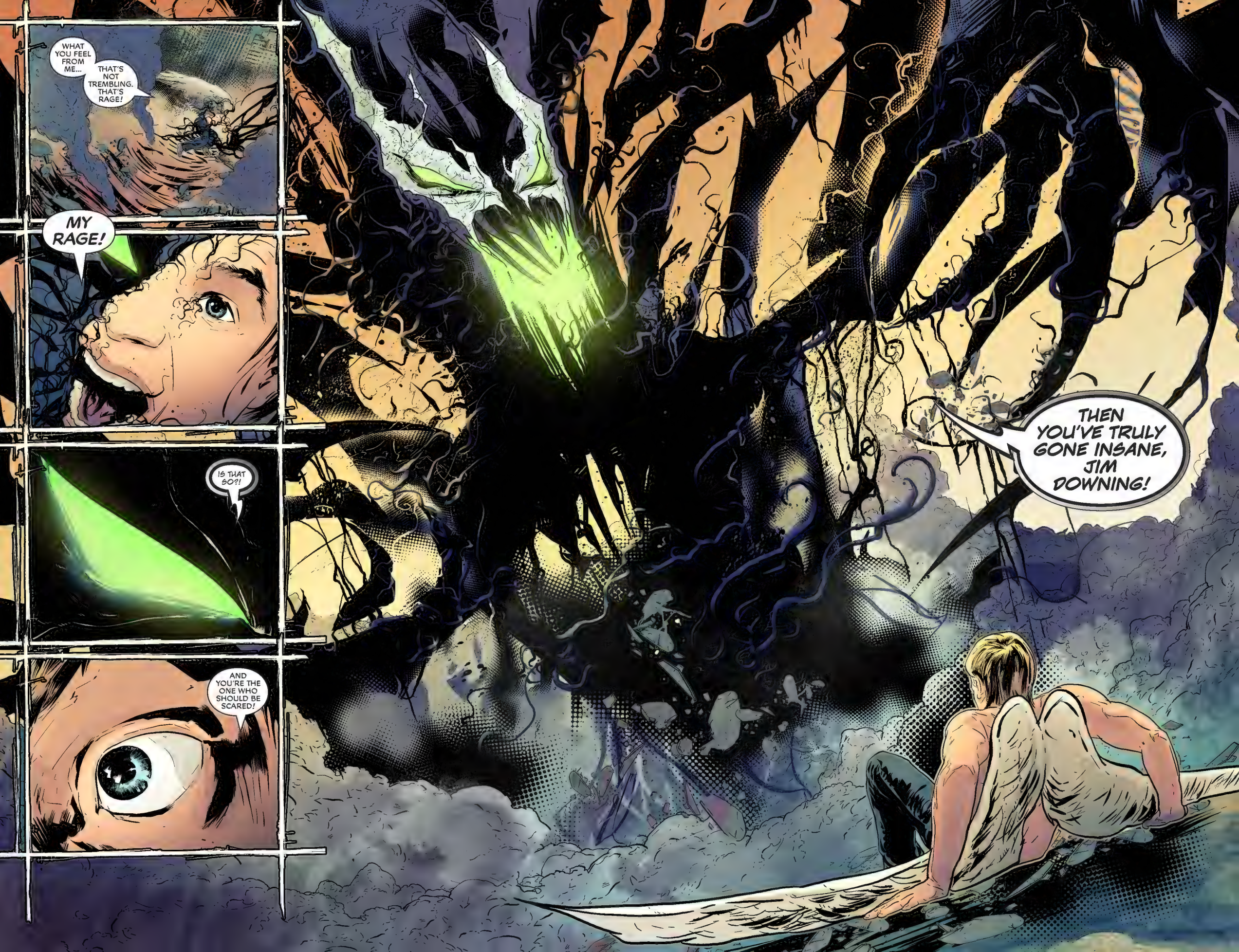
FOR HIS PART, JIM DOWNING,
WILL NEVER FORGIVE HIMSELF FOR
WHAT JUST HAPPENED. THE
IMAGES OF THAT CHAOS AND
SLAUGHTER WILL HAUNT HIM FOR
THE REST OF HIS NATURAL LIFE



BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME
FOR GUILT NOW. THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING ON HIS
MIND INSTEAD: SURVIVAL.



YOU'RE
TREMBLING,
DOWNING. IS IT
BECAUSE YOU FINALLY
UNDERSTAND? BECAUSE
YOU FINALLY REALIZE
THE PAIN ABOUT TO
BE INFLICTED
UPON YOU?



WHAT
YOU FEEL
FROM
ME...

THAT'S
NOT
TREMBLING.
THAT'S
RAGE!

MY
RAGE!

IS THAT
SO?!

AND
YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO
SHOULD BE
SCARED!

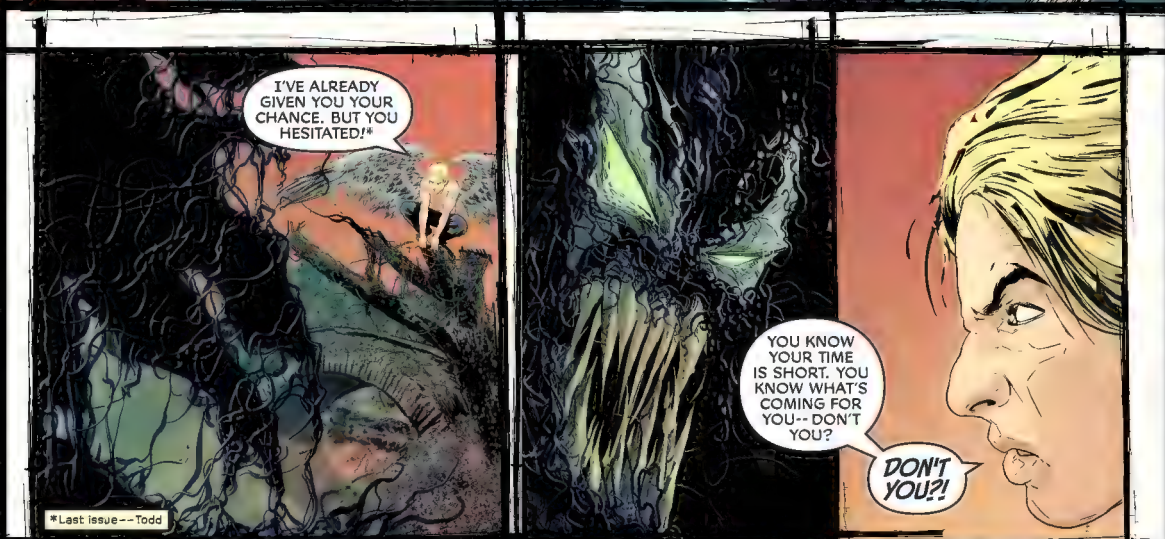
THEN
YOU'VE TRULY
GONE INSANE,
JIM
DOWNING!



IT'S TIME
WE ENDED THIS
GAME,
DOWNING!

IT'S
TIME YOU
ACCEPTED
YOUR
FATE.

THEN
END IT!




I'VE ALREADY
GIVEN YOU YOUR
CHANCE, BUT YOU
HESITATED!*

YOU KNOW
YOUR TIME
IS SHORT. YOU
KNOW WHAT'S
COMING FOR
YOU-- DON'T
YOU?

DON'T
YOU?!

*Last issue--Todd





AND IT HAS TO
PISS YOU OFF THAT
YOU LET ME, A LOWLY
HUMAN, BE YOUR
DOWNFALL!



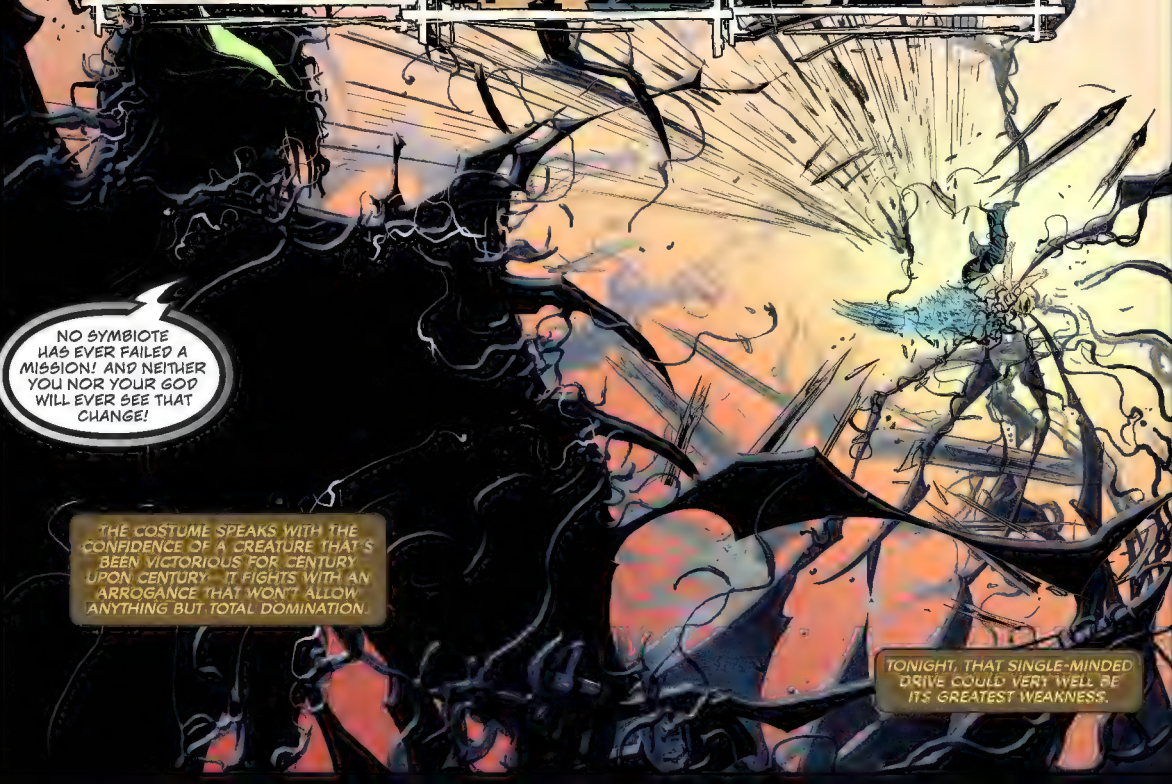
HOW ARE
YOU GOING
TO TELL HELL
YOU LET A MERE
MORTAL BRING
YOU TO YOUR
KNEES?



THWIK



SLIT



NO SYMBIOTE
HAS EVER FAILED A
MISSION! AND NEITHER
YOU NOR YOUR GOD
WILL EVER SEE THAT
CHANGE!

THE COSTUME SPEAKS WITH THE
CONFIDENCE OF A CREATURE THAT'S
BEEN VICTORIOUS FOR CENTURY
UPON CENTURY - IT FIGHTS WITH AN
ARROGANCE THAT WON'T ALLOW
ANYTHING BUT TOTAL DOMINATION.

TONIGHT, THAT SINGLE-MINDED
DRIVE COULD VERY WELL BE
ITS GREATEST WEAKNESS.

AND JIM DOWNING MEANS TO
EXPLOIT THAT WEAKNESS!

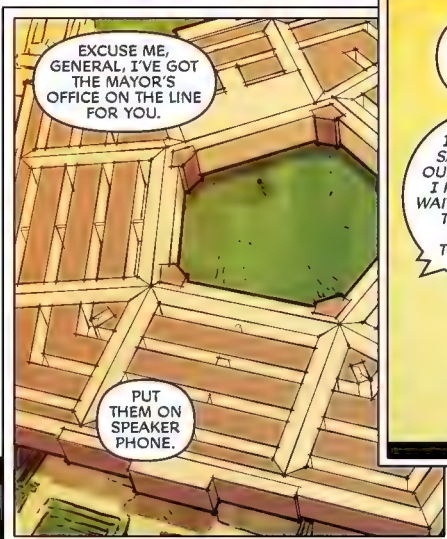
KRASHH!



ALL RIGHT,
MONSTER!
YOU WANT ME?
THEN YOU'LL HAVE
TO CATCH ME
FIRST. SO...



TRY
**CATCHING
ME!**



EXCUSE ME, GENERAL, I'VE GOT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ON THE LINE FOR YOU.

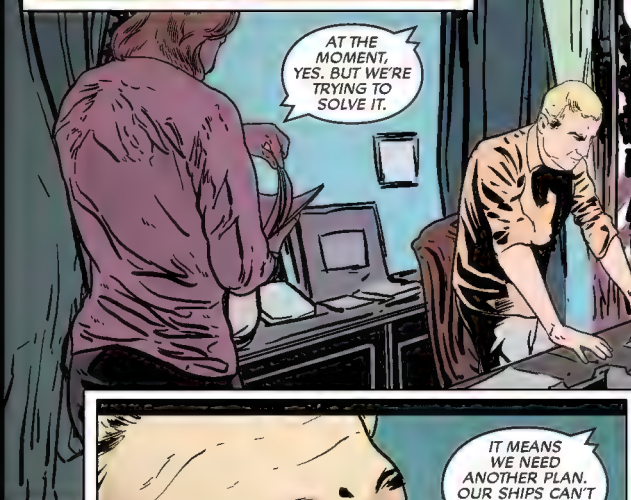
PUT THEM ON SPEAKER PHONE.



THIS IS GENERAL WILTMORE. I ASSUME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AN UPDATE ON OUR SHIP'S POSITION.

WE ARE. I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D BE AT OUR DOCKS BY NOW. I HAVE PERSONNEL WAITING TO GET WORD TO EVERYONE TO START MOVING TOWARDS THOSE PORTS.

IS THERE A PROBLEM?



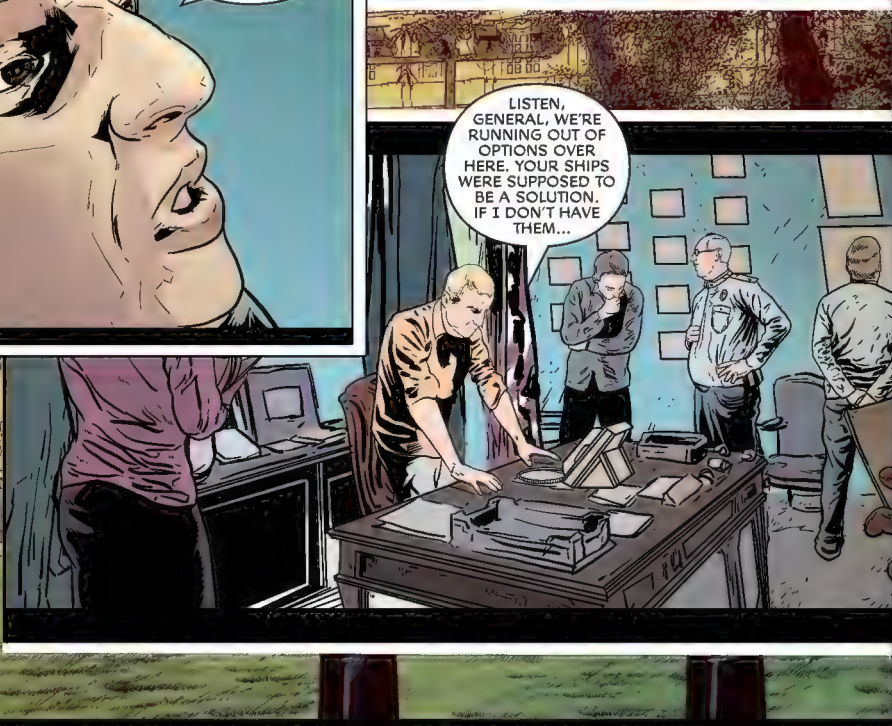
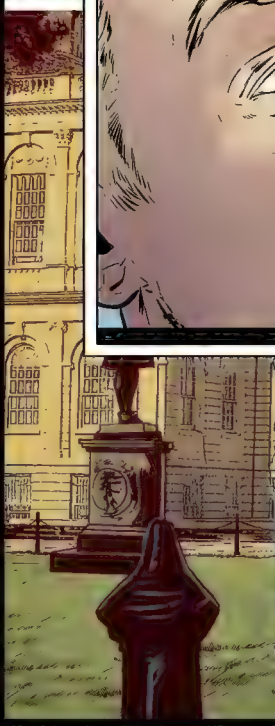
AT THE MOMENT, YES. BUT WE'RE TRYING TO SOLVE IT.



SOLVE IT?! WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?



IT MEANS WE NEED ANOTHER PLAN. OUR SHIPS CAN'T GET TO YOU, I'M SORRY.



LISTEN, GENERAL, WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS OVER HERE. YOUR SHIPS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A SOLUTION. IF I DON'T HAVE THEM...



I UNDERSTAND, AND BELIEVE ME, WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING WITHIN OUR POWER TO GET TO YOUR SHORES. BUT WHATEVER'S ATTACKING YOUR CITY... I THINK IT'S ALSO IN THE WATER AROUND YOU, AND UNDERNEATH IT!

WE'VE MADE FOUR ATTEMPTS TO GET TO YOUR SIDE, AND WE CAN'T. AND AS SOON AS WE GET ANYWHERE NEAR YOU-- AND I'M TALKING ABOUT FROM ANY POSITION-- THESE THINGS LIKE *GIANT SPIKES* POP OUT OF THE WATER. THEY'RE THE SIZE OF *ICEBERGS*, AND THEY'RE ALMOST COMPLETELY *SOLID* EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE MADE UP OF NOTHING BUT *BUGS*.

A FEW OF OUR BIGGER VESSELS TRIED CUTTING A PATH THROUGH THEM, BUT INSTEAD, THEY WERE BEACHED, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *GODDAMN WATER*! SOMETHING JUST GREW UP UNDERNEATH THEM AND LIFTED THEM OUT OF THE OCEAN. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT TAKES TO LIFT A BATTLESHIP? WELL, THEY DID THAT TO *ALL* OF THEM! SO OUR FLEET IS STRANDED.

AND GOD HELP ME...

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

DID YOU PEOPLE HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING? WE CAN'T HELP. AT LEAST NOT NOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

PRAY.

YOU CAN PRAY FOR US.





YOU SEE HOW BIG THAT CROWD IS OUTSIDE? WE DON'T HAVE ROOM FOR ALL OF THEM!

WE CAN'T TURN THEM AWAY, SARGE. THEY SAID THEY CAN'T GET TO SHELTER.

GET A COUPLE OFFICERS AND WALK THEM TO FIREHOUSE 23, DOWN THE BLOCK. IT HAS A BIGGER HOLDING AREA. AND ALL THEIR TRUCKS ARE GONE.

YOU HEAR WHAT'S HAPPENING IN CENTRAL PARK? GOT A CALL ABOUT SOME GIANT MONSTER. THIRTY FEET TALL AND ALL BLACK! AND IT ISN'T A BUNCH OF BUGS! IT'S ONE CREATURE. WITH WHITE MARKS ON ITS FACE!



I WAS TOLD THE ARMY ISN'T SHOWING. WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? AIN'T ENOUGH COPS TO GO AROUND ON SOMETHING THIS BIG!

JEFF! IS THAT THING STILL AT THE PARK?

NO! THEY SAID IT WAS HEADING SOUTH. COMING OUR WAY. DOWN BROADWAY.

DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE WILLIAMS!

HERE'S THE LAST OF THE FILES YOU WANTED PULLED. DON'T KNOW IF WE GOT EVERYTHING, BECAUSE SOME OF THE INFO WAS ON COMPUTERS AND THEY JUST STOPPED WORKING.

THAT'S FINE. I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP PUTTING THIS TOGETHER.

I CAN HELP YOU WITH THIS IF YOU LIKE.

NO. I NEED TO DO THIS ALONE.

YOU MIND ME ASKING WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS. WHY NOW? WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON?

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU. MAYBE LATER. BUT NOT NOW.

WHAT WAS HE GOING TO TELL THE YOUNG OFFICER? THAT HE THINKS A MAN WHO WAS IN A COMA NOW HAS GOD-LIKE HEALING POWERS? THAT THE SAME MAN DOUBLES AS SOME VIGILANTE FROM HELL WITH A COSTUME AND POWERS WHICH MAY BE THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TERROR IN THE STREETS?



DETECTIVE MAX 'TWITCH' WILLIAMS HAS BEEN WITH THE DEPARTMENT FOR NEARLY 17 YEARS. HE'S LEARNED WHEN TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO THE SUPERNATURAL.

AND HE HATES THAT HE'S GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO IT





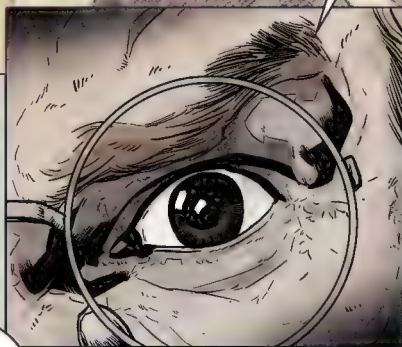
WHAT
IF THIS
**DOESN'T
SETTLE?**
WHAT IF HELP
DOESN'T
GET HERE IN
TIME?

DOWNING HAS
SPECIAL POWERS AND
THEY'RE A HECK OF A LOT DIFFERENT
THAN SIMMONS' WERE. HE'S A
SPAWN **AND** A GENETIC FREAK!
MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE WAS ABLE
TO HEAL THOSE PEOPLE. BUT IT
WAS A CON! I CHECKED... IT'S ALL
IN FRONT OF YOU! EVERY ONE OF
THOSE PEOPLE HE HEALED--
THEY'RE DYING!

READ IT
YOURSELF!
MOST OF IT'S
IN THERE.

A COUPLE
ARE ALREADY
DEAD.

OR
MISSING.



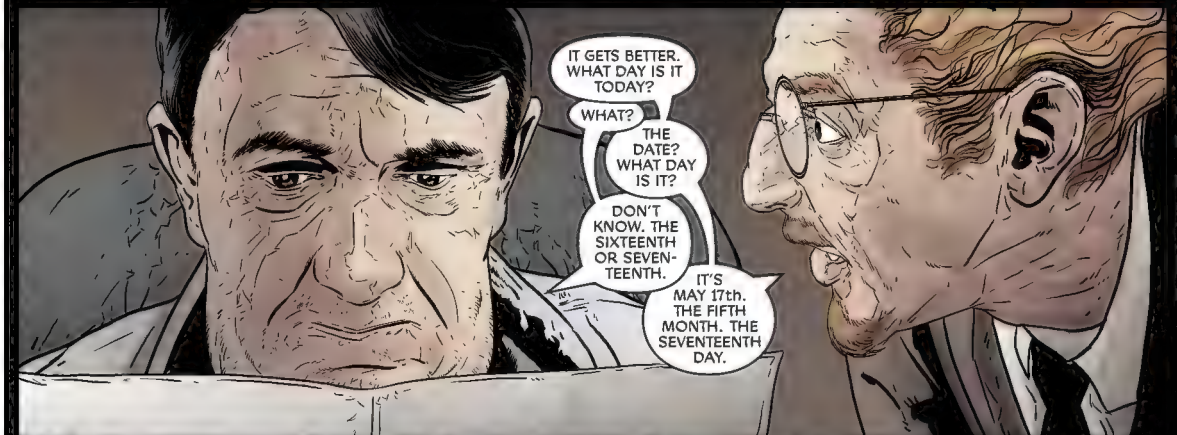
AND THE
CAUSE OF THEIR
DEATH WAS **POISON!**
SOMETHING IN THEIR
BLOODSTREAM KILLED
THEM, AND THE
DOCTORS DON'T
KNOW **WHAT!**

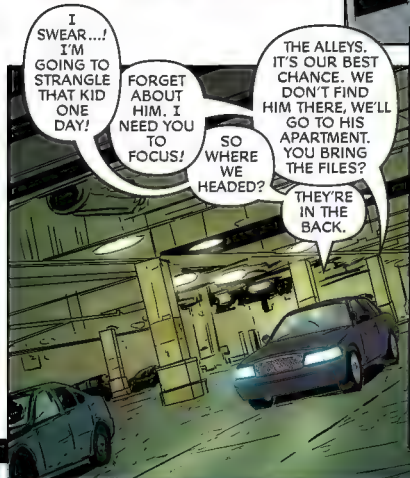
A FEW OF THEM,
DOWNING DIDN'T EVEN MEAN
TO HEAL. HE ONLY TOUCHED THEM
ACCIDENTLY. OR SHOOK THEIR HAND.
I'M GUESSING IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO
WITH HIS COSTUME. SIMMONS ALWAYS
SAID HE WAS FIGHTING IT! AND NOW THAT
COSTUME... THAT **THING...** IS MOVING DOWN
BROADWAY AND IT'S **TOUCHING
EVERYTHING IN ITS' PATH!
EVERYTHING!**


SO IF I'M
RIGHT-- AND I
HOPE TO GOD I'M
NOT-- THIS THING
ISN'T GOING TO GET
SETTLED! NOT THE
NORMAL WAY!

AND IF THAT
ISN'T ENOUGH FOR
YOU... TAKE A LOOK AT
WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT ALL
THOSE DEAD PRISONERS
THAT SOMEHOW MAKE
UP DOWNING'S TEN
FINGERPRINTS!











SOME WILL SPEAK IN AWED VOICES
OF HOW AN ANGEL DROPPED FROM
THE HEAVENS AND HELPED PAVE
THE WAY TO THEIR SAFETY—TO THEIR
SALVATION. AND THEY'LL BE FOREVER
CHANGED BY THAT EXPERIENCE.
OTHERS, THEY WILL WEEP.

Good.


He's
following
me.



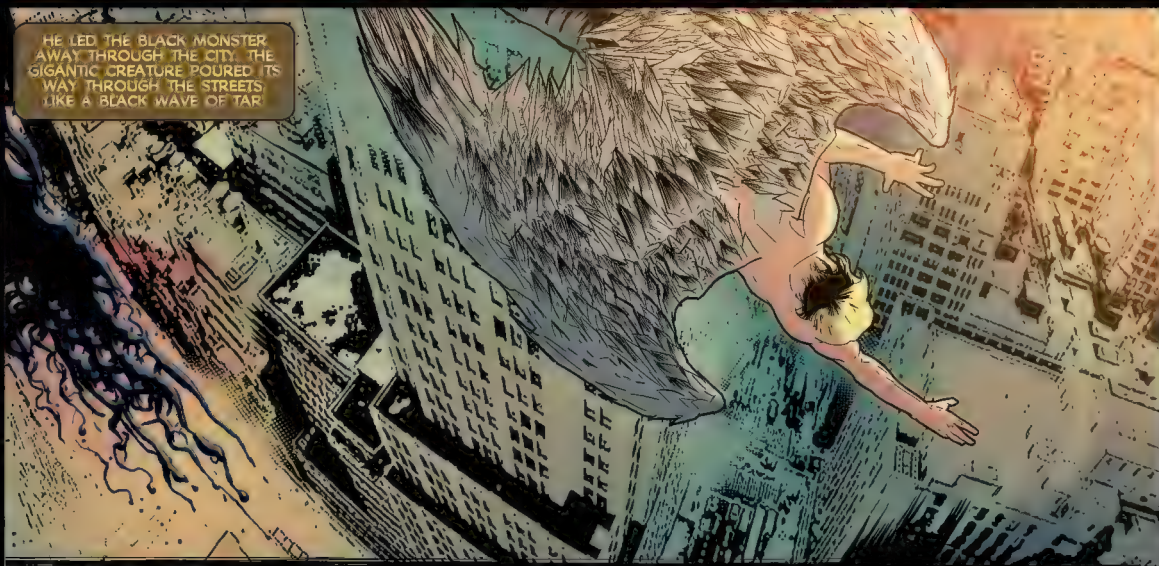
NOT BECAUSE THEY
DIDN'T SURVIVE. OR
BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T
INJURED. THOUGH
HUNDREDS WERE. NO.



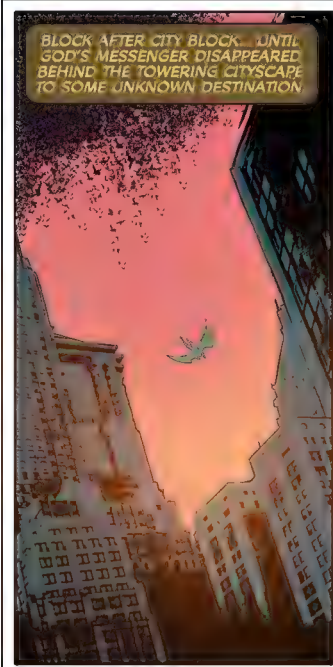
THEY'LL CRY BECAUSE THIS
WILL BE THE LAST TIME
THEY'LL LAY EYES UPON THIS
WINGED SPECTER FOR THE
REST OF THEIR LIVES.



AND THEY'LL ALL WISH THEY
COULD HAVE TOLD HIM HOW
VERY, VERY GRATEFUL THEY
WERE FOR HIS SACRIFICE.



HE LED THE BLACK MONSTER AWAY THROUGH THE CITY. THE GIGANTIC CREATURE POURED ITS WAY THROUGH THE STREETS LIKE A BLACK WAVE OF TAR.



BLOCK AFTER CITY BLOCK... UNTIL GOD'S MESSENGER DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE TOWERING CITYSCAPE TO SOME UNKNOWN DESTINATION.

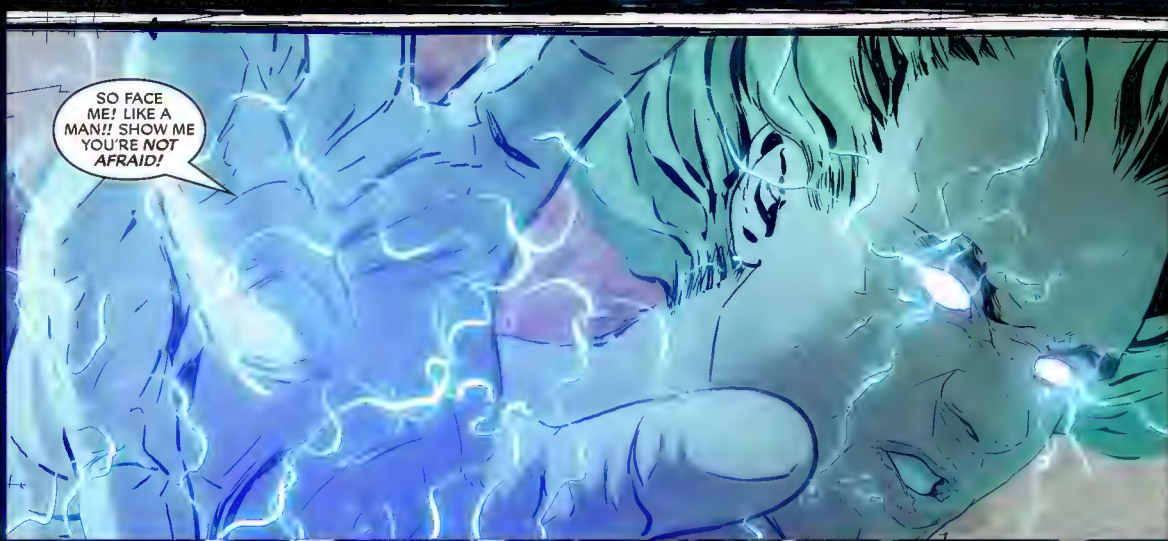
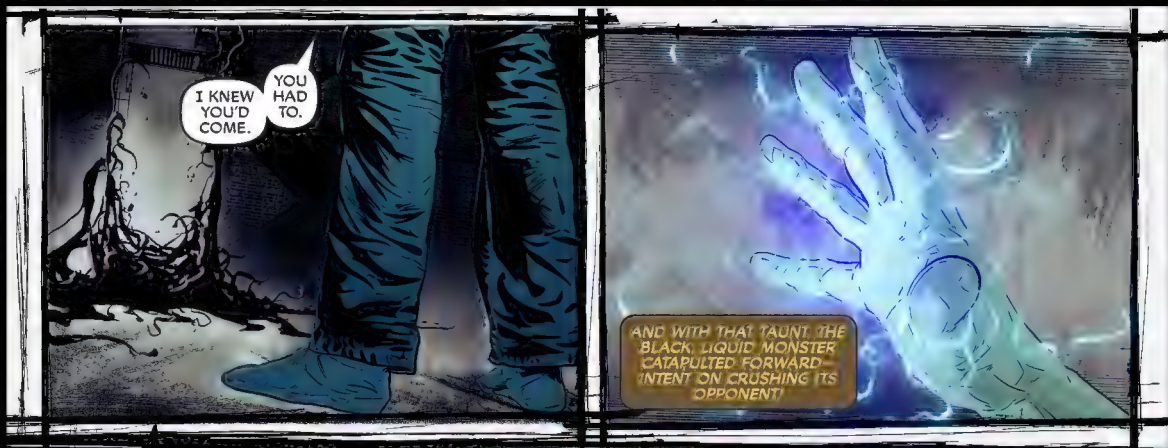


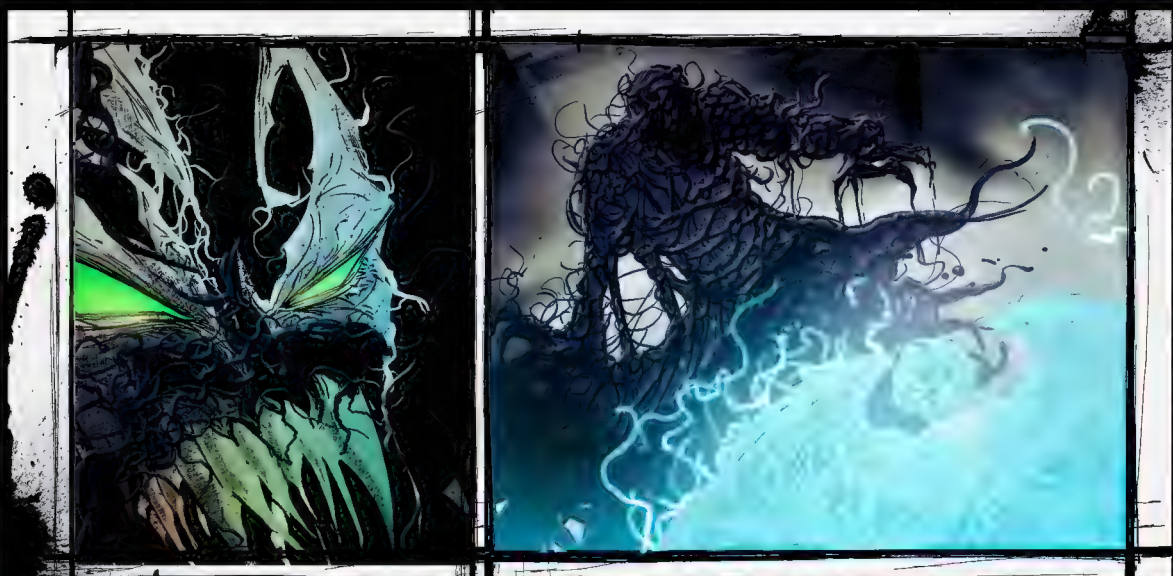
UNKNOWN TO ALL BUT HIM AND WHEN HE STRODE DEEPER INTO THE MAZE OF ALLEYS, TOWARD ITS ENTRANCE, HE SLOWLY VANISHED INTO THE SHADOWS.




AND... THE THING FOLLOWED.










THIS IS WHERE HE
DIED.* AL SIMMONS.
YOU REMEMBER HIM,
DON'T YOU? THE MAN
YOU CALLED YOUR
MASTER!

HE WAS
NEVER MY
MASTER! I
CONTROLLED
HIM!

YEAH? HOW
DID THAT WORK
OUT FOR YOU? HE
KILLED HIMSELF!
AND WHEN HE DID--
I WOKE UP! I USED TO
WONDER, WHY? WHY
DID HE DO IT? AND
WHY CHOOSE TO
DIE IN SUCH A
GODFORSAKEN
PLACE?

* Issue 185 -- Todd



IT WAS
BECAUSE HE
KNEW.



AND
NOW I DO
TOO.



HE KNEW
THIS SLIVER OF THE
'DEAD ZONE' WAS HERE,
AWAY FROM THE OTHER PORTALS.
HE STOOD RIGHT HERE, RIGHT WHERE
I AM NOW. HE MUST HAVE TURNED HIS
BACK TO THE WALL. KNOWING THAT
WHEN HIS HEAD EXPLODED-- WHEN HE
BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT-- THAT HE'D FALL
BACKWARDS... INTO THE **'DEAD ZONE'**!
HE COULDN'T KILL HIMSELF IN IT
BECAUSE NONE OF US HAVE
POWERS INSIDE THE ZONE.
NOT HEAVEN. NOT HELL.
NOT ANYONE!



SO HE
GOT AS CLOSE
AS HE POSSIBLY
COULD.

AND AS HE
DIED, HE CROSSED
THE LINE. YOUR
MASTER CROSSED IT
INTENTIONALLY.



BECAUSE
HE KNEW.





HE KNEW
THAT GOD
HAD NEVER
FORSAKEN THIS
PLACE.



LIES!


HE WOULDN'T
SURRENDER
TO GOD. HE HATED
HIM AS MUCH
AS US!

MAYBE.


OR MAYBE
HE WAS JUST TIRED
OF BOTH OF YOU. LIKE
I AM. SO, YOU WANT
ME? STEP INSIDE THE
LINE. I WON'T RESIST. YOU
CAN DO WHATEVER YOU
WANT. I'M JUST A MAN
NOW. WITH NO POWERS.
BUT YOU WON'T DO
IT WILL YOU.



BECAUSE
YOU'RE
AFRAID.



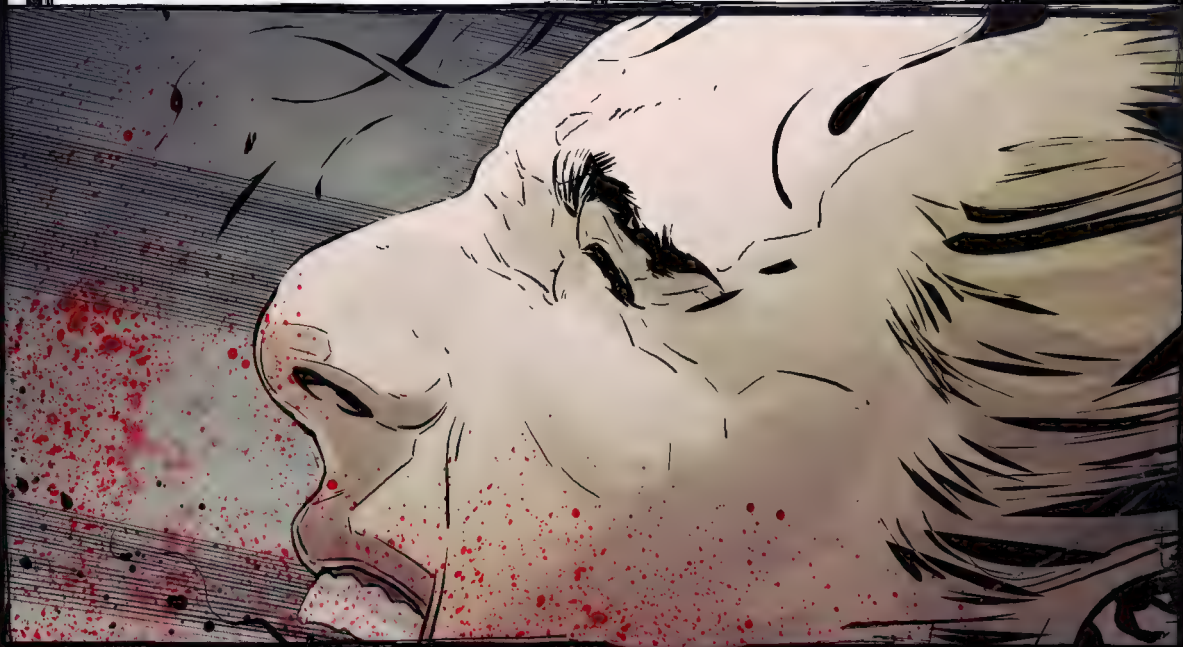
WHY? THAT'S
THE QUESTION,
ISN'T IT?

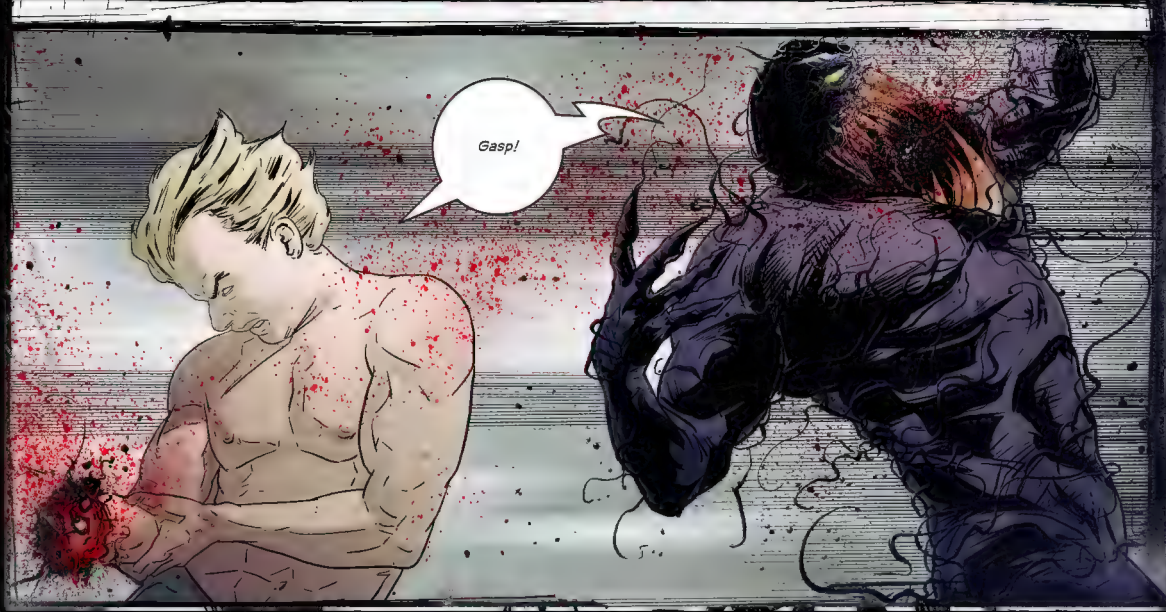


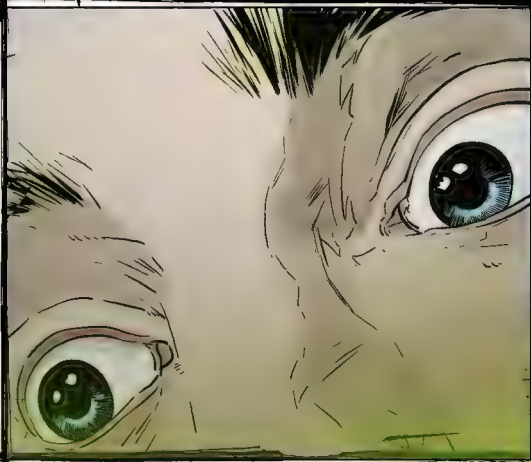
WELL, HERE'S
ONE LAST QUESTION:
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
SOMEONE *INSIDE* THE
'DEAD ZONE' TOUCHES
SOMETHING *OUTSIDE*
OF IT? WHAT
HAPPENS THEN?



WHAT
HAPPENS!?









THE

LIGHT

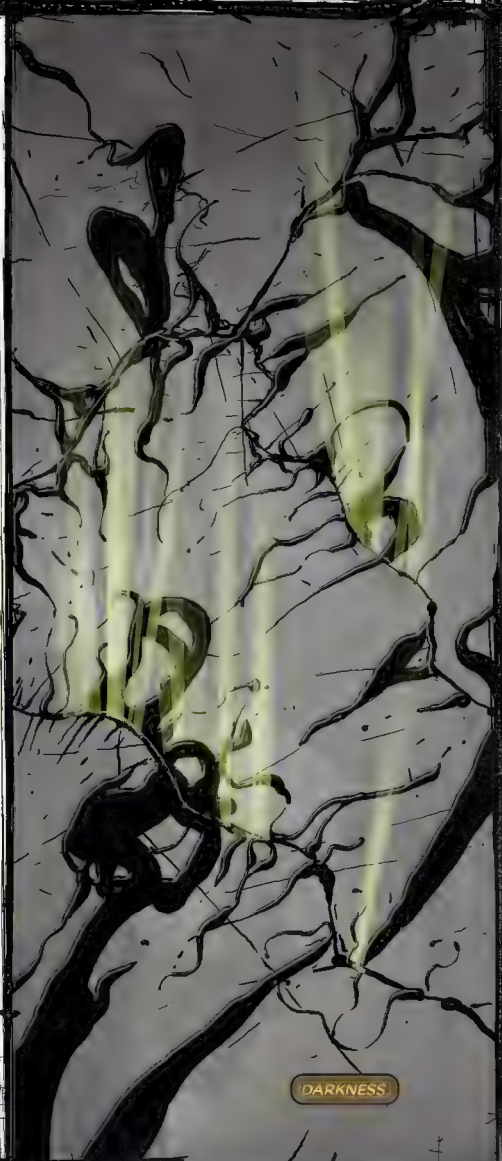


COMES

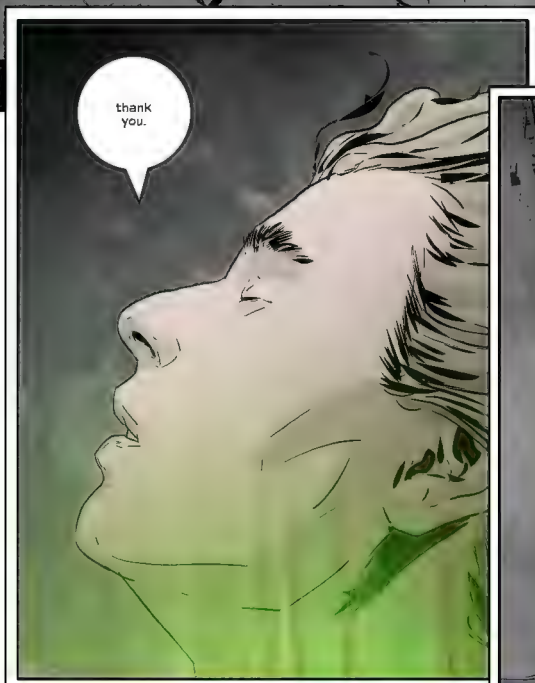
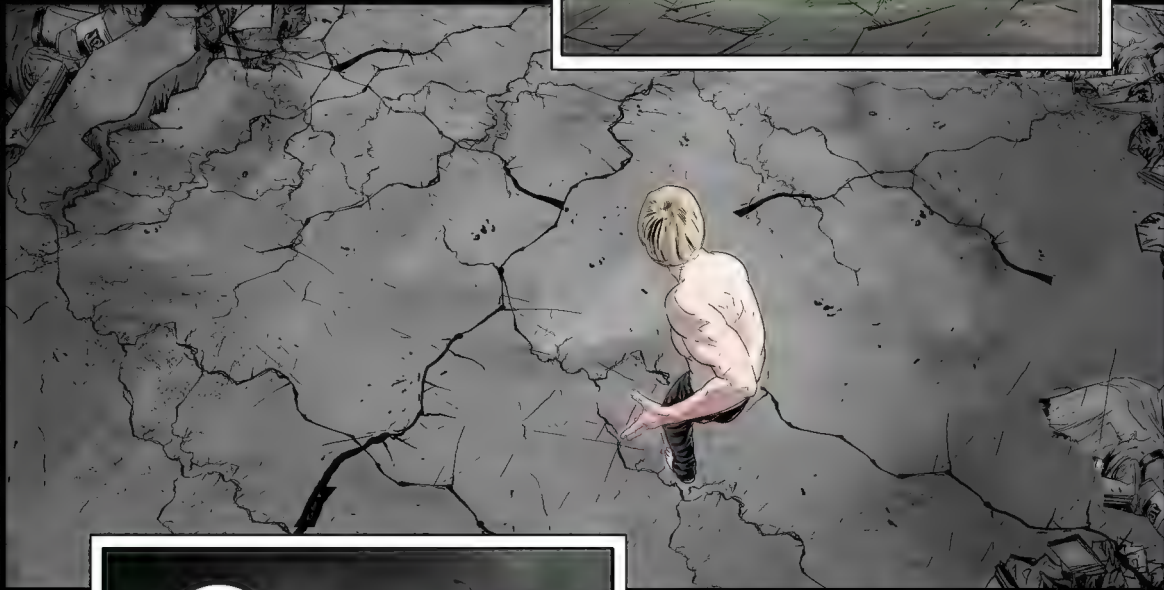
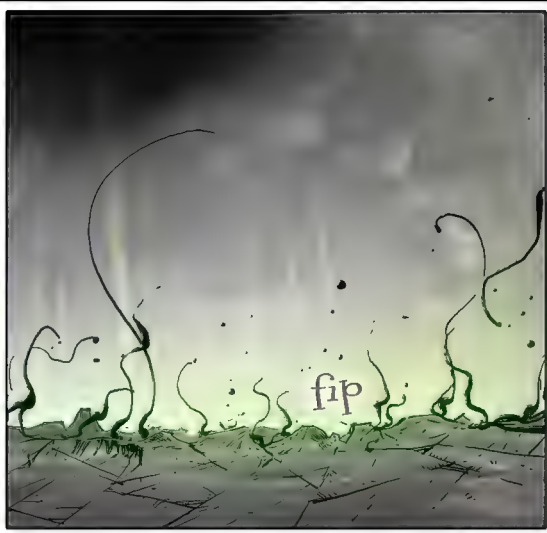
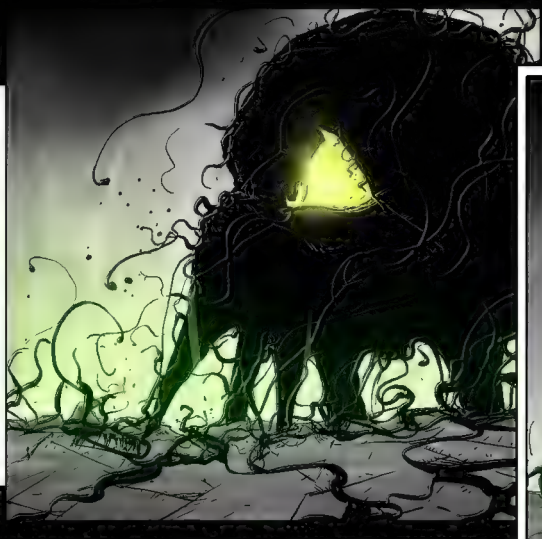


FOR

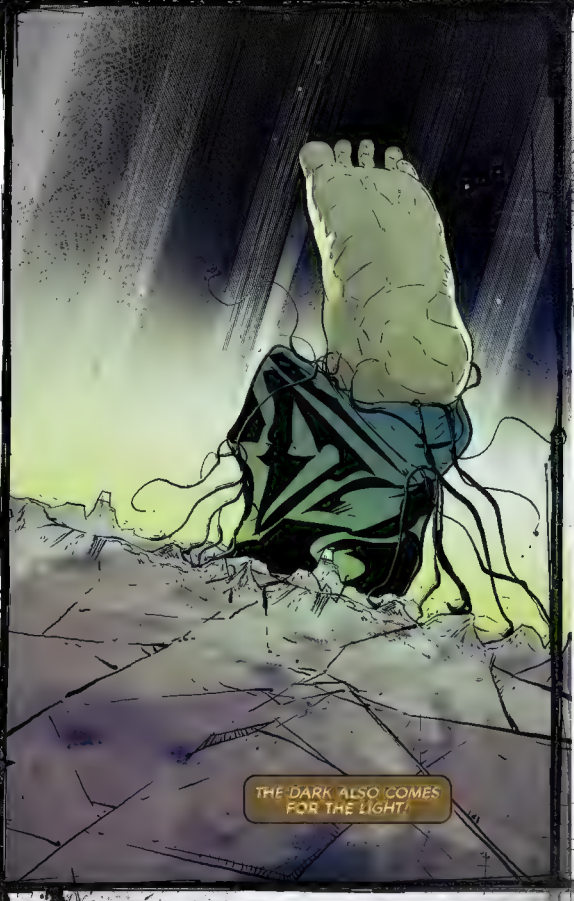
THE



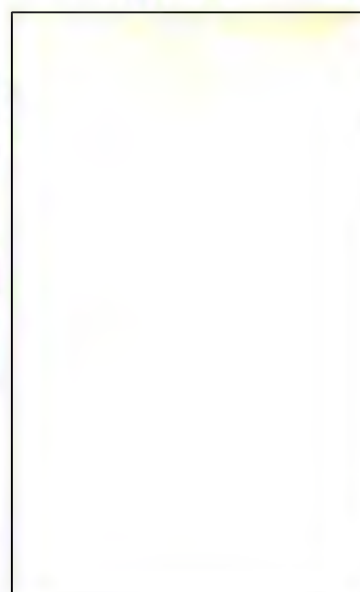
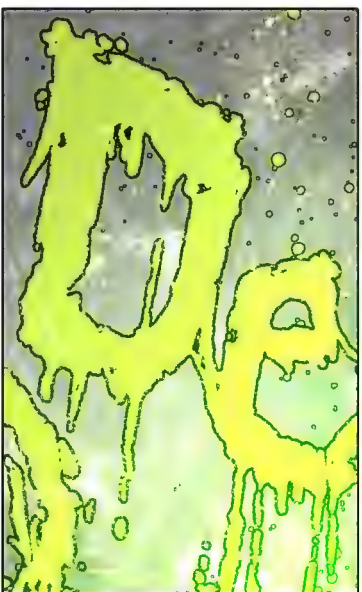
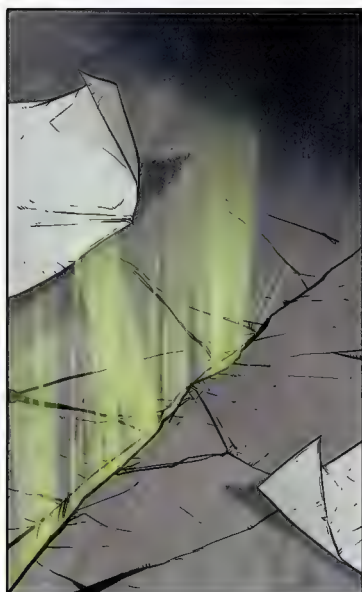
DARKNESS

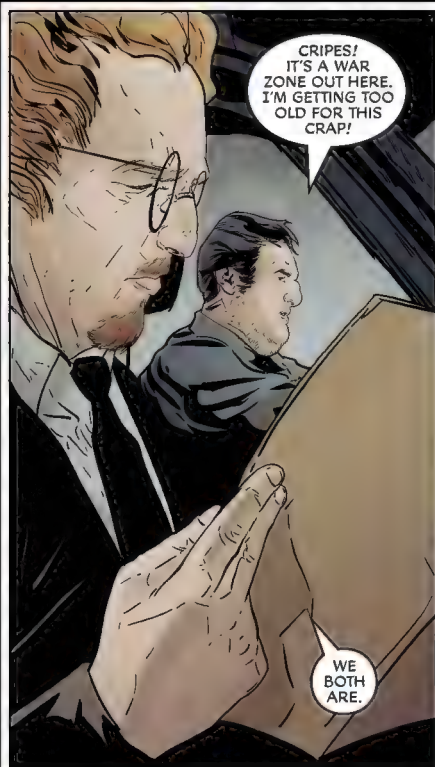


BUT SOMETHING
ELSE HAPPENS



THE DARK ALSO COMES
FOR THE LIGHT





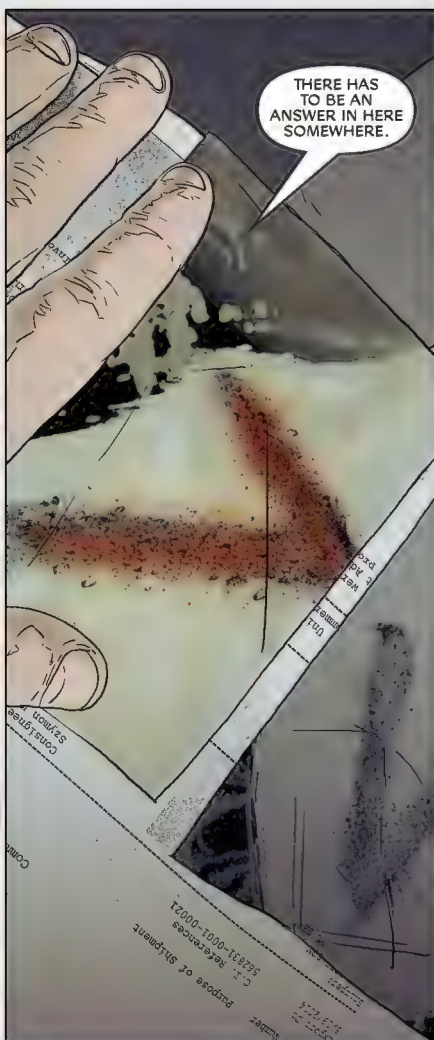
CRIPES!
IT'S A WAR
ZONE OUT HERE.
I'M GETTING TOO
OLD FOR THIS
CRAP!

WE
BOTH
ARE.

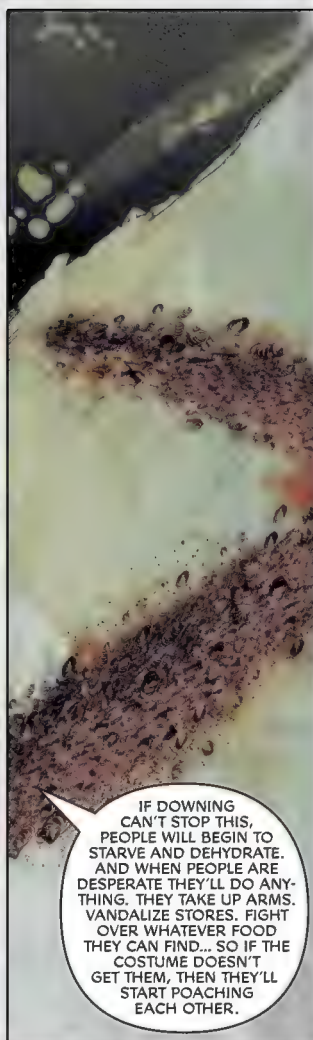


WHY'D YOU
BRING THOSE
DAMN FILES
ANYWAY?

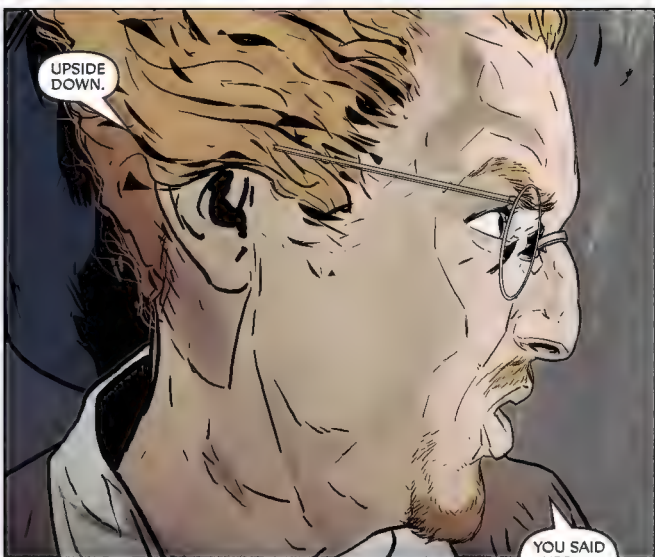
AS A BACKUP.
IF DOWNING SAYS
HE CAN'T REMEMBER
HOW TO STOP THIS-- I'M
HOPING THERE'LL BE
SOMETHING IN HERE
THAT TRIGGERS HIS
MEMORY.



THERE HAS
TO BE AN
ANSWER IN HERE
SOMEWHERE.

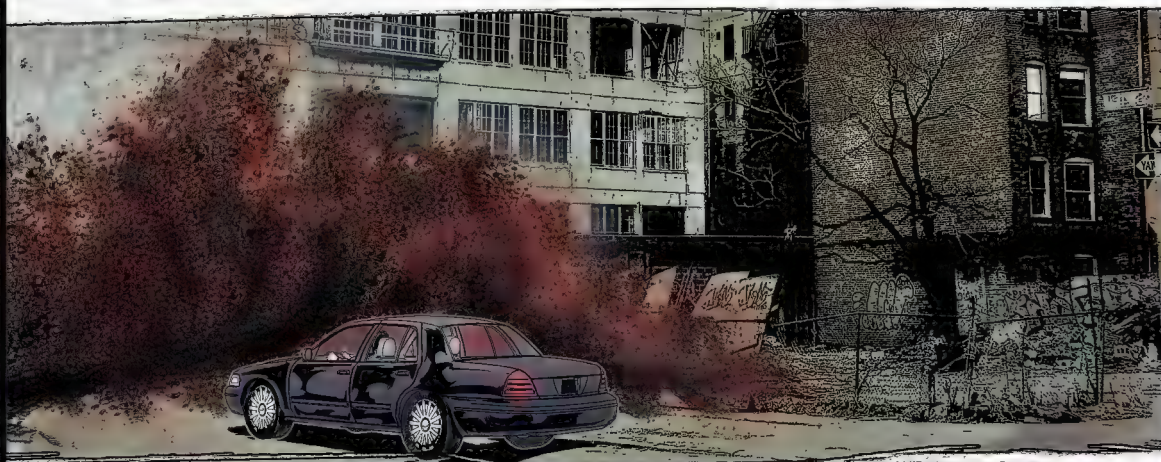
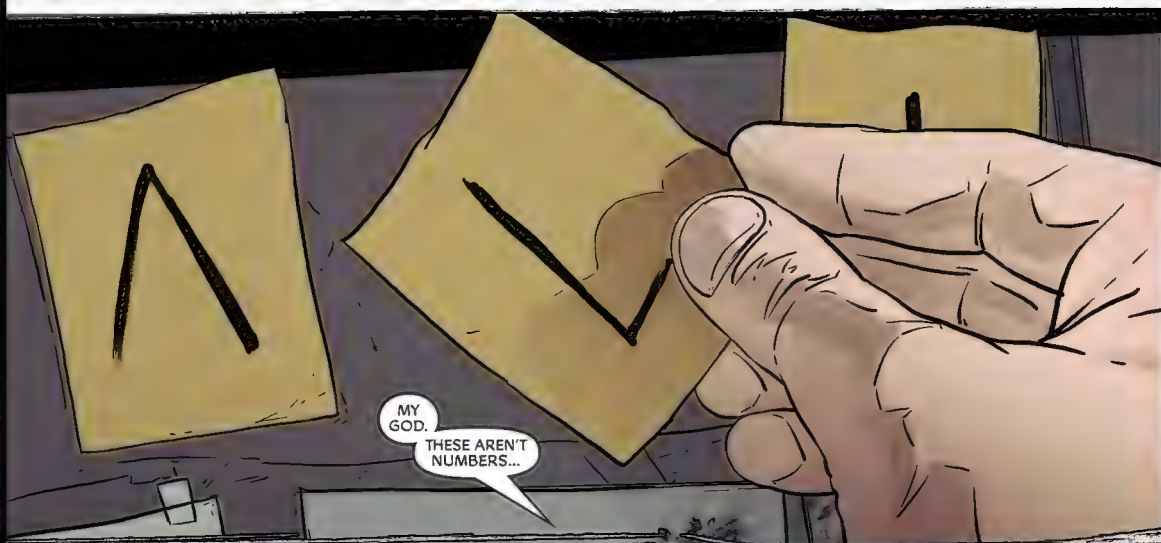


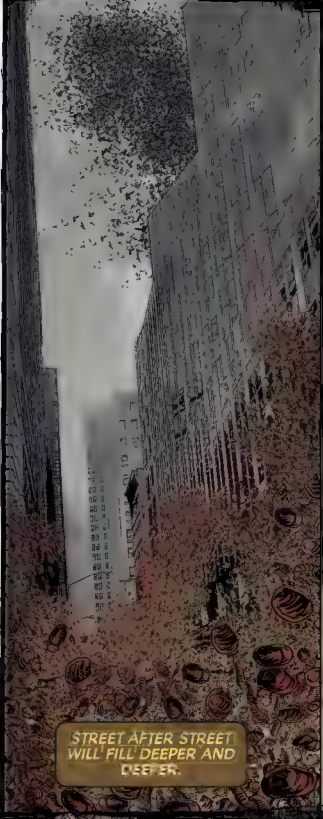
IF DOWNING
CAN'T STOP THIS,
PEOPLE WILL BEGIN TO
STARVE AND DEHYDRATE.
AND WHEN PEOPLE ARE
DESPERATE THEY'LL DO ANY-
THING. THEY TAKE UP ARMS.
VANDALIZE STORES. FIGHT
OVER WHATEVER FOOD
THEY CAN FIND... SO IF THE
COSTUME DOESN'T
GET THEM, THEN THEY'LL
START POACHING
EACH OTHER.



YOU SAID
UPSIDE
DOWN!








UNTIL THE TIDE OF BUGS IS
SO HIGH, NO ONE CAN SEE
ANY PART OF THE GROUND

STREET AFTER STREET
WILL FILL DEEPER AND
DEEPER.



AND AS THE FLOOD
OF NEVER-ENDING EVIL
CONTINUES TO POUR
INTO THE CITY, THE ONLY
THING LEFT IN ITS WAKE
IS DARKNESS.

BLANKETED IN DARKNESS
THEY PRAY.

AS DEATH DESCENDS
UPON THEM... AS THEY ARE
BLANKETED IN THE BLACK...

THEY PRAY.

PRAY FOR HELP
THEY CANNOT SEE.

AND WHY SHOULD
GOD ANSWER
THEM?

WHY WOULD HE
LET ANYTHING
LIVE IN THIS
ABYSS?

BECAUSE THIS
ISN'T ABOUT
GOD.

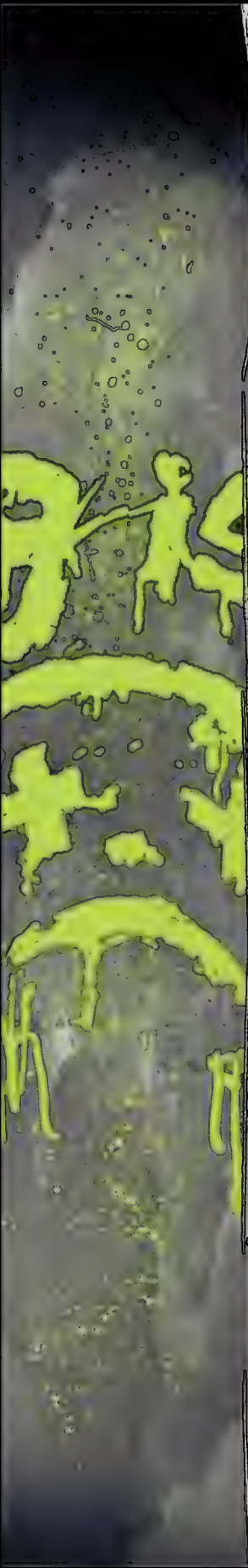
IT'S ABOUT
THE HUMAN
CONDITION.
AND ITS TIME
HAS COME!

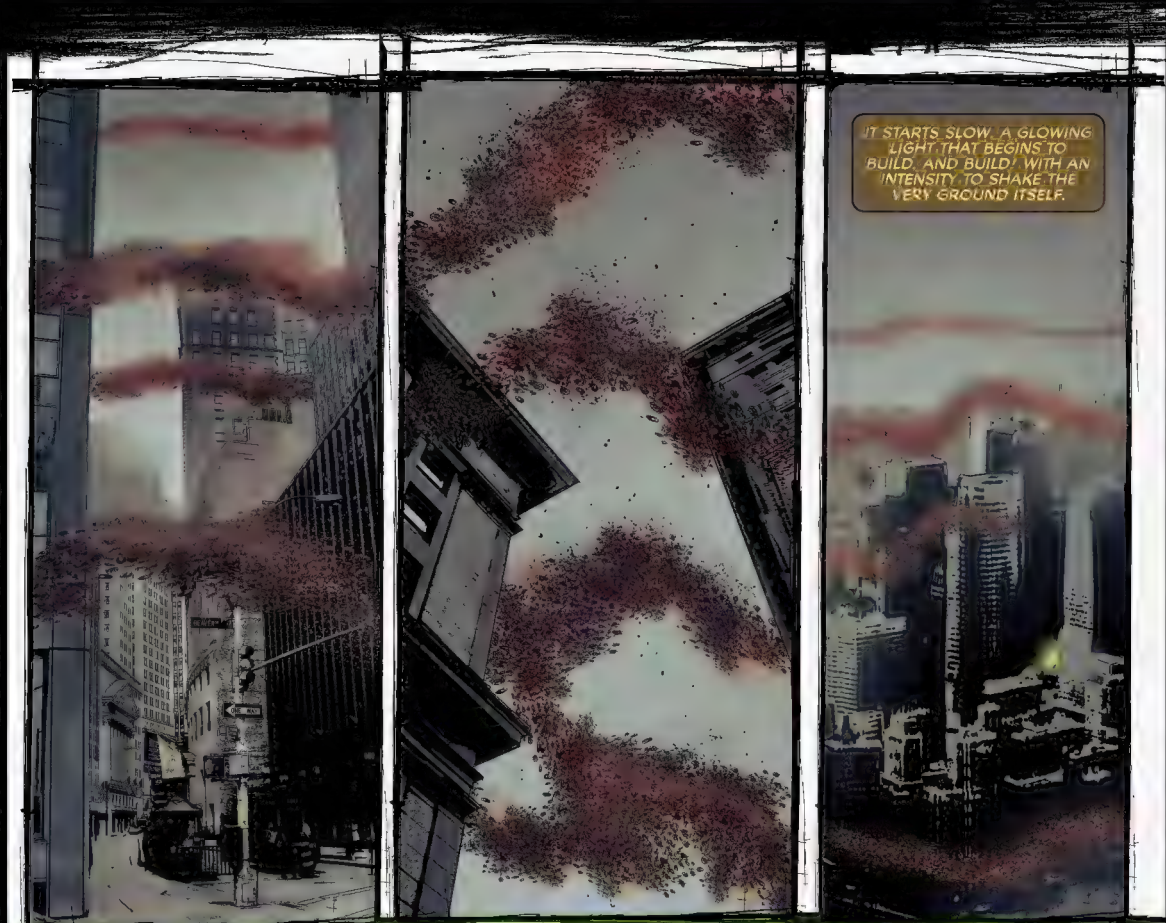
IT IS MAY 17th.
ALMOST
TEN MINUTES
BEFORE
EIGHT P.M.

THE DATE IS 5-17.

THE TIME IS 7:51.

IT'S HIS TIME!





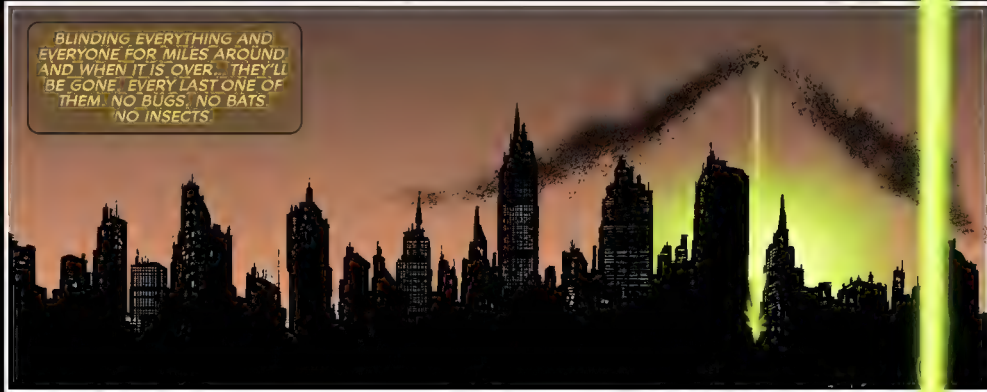
IT STARTS SLOW. A GLOWING
LIGHT THAT BEGINS TO
BUILD. AND BUILD! WITH AN
INTENSITY TO SHAKE THE
VERY GROUND ITSELF.



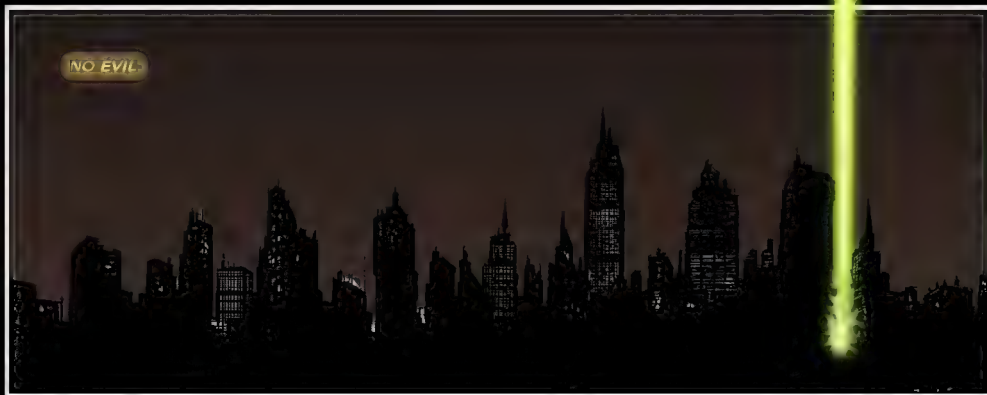
THEN IT
EXPLODES!

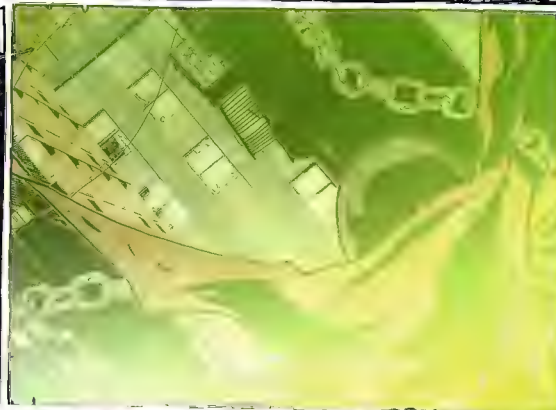
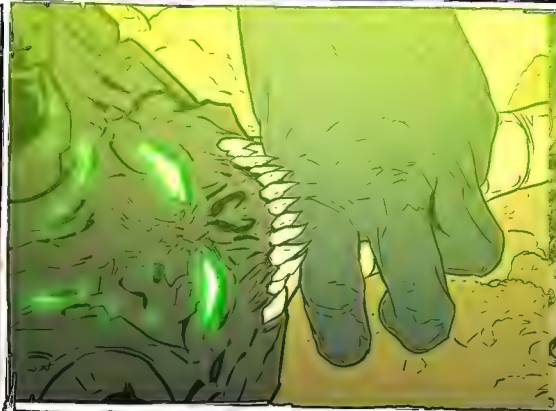
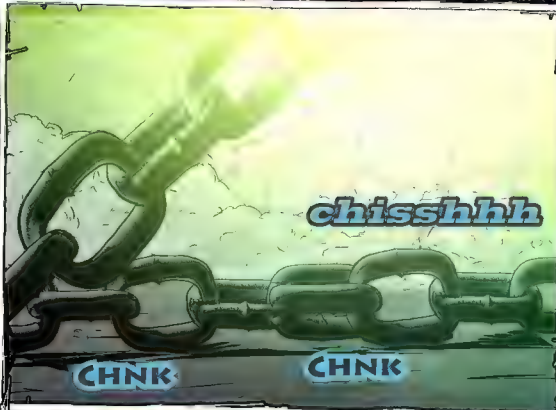


BLINDING EVERYTHING AND
EVERYONE FOR MILES AROUND.
AND WHEN IT IS OVER... THEY'LL
BE GONE. EVERY LAST ONE OF
THEM. NO BUGS, NO BATS,
NO INSECTS.



NO EVIL.





IT WILL BE AS IF THEY NEVER
EXISTED. AND TOMORROW,
NEW YORK CITY WILL WAKE
UP CLEANS. NORMAL.

REBORN.



NEXT MONTH: THE **TRIUMPHANT**
RETURN OF THE ORIGINAL SPAWN
AL SIMMONS IN
SPAWN RESURRECTION #1!



SPAWNING GROUND

Hello everyone,

250 issues...WOW! This is a momentous occasion and an amazing achievement for Todd McFarlane and his creation, *Spawn*! This edition of *Spawning Ground* features Brian Haberlin and Jon Goff. Brian and Jon both have a storied history with *Spawn* in various capacities and Todd thought it would be appropriate for both of them to reflect on their experiences. After this historic issue, Todd and the *Spawn* family are excited to continue the journey with our **NEW AND TALENTED SPAWN CREATIVE TEAM**; writer and Eisner Awarded winner, Paul Jenkins, and artist, Jonboy, who just finished a great run at Marvel Comics. Our new team will pick up where #250 leaves off with a special collectors issue titled *Spawn Resurrection* #1, which will be out next month. *Spawn* #251 will resume after *Spawn Resurrection* with our new creative team at the helm. We are all very excited for this new direction and a new era of *Spawn* that is upon us. We hope you'll join us for the ride! If you haven't already joined Todd on Facebook, Twitter, or Instagram, check it out so you can keep up-to-date on all of the cool things Todd is going to be doing in 2015.

Cheers,

Shannon Bailey
Publishing Coordinator

● *Spawn* 250 makes me think of *Spawn* 25.

1992 was when I first tried to get a job with Todd. Terry Fitzgerald (at the time Todd's right hand man) gave me a piece to try out on. I busted out the 3D-modeling, digital coloring, FX replacing line art with smoke...flares...etc. The reaction was "can you put back in more of Todd's line art". No job offer, other than coloring a pinup here or there and rightly so as I was a newbie and at the time Todd had Steve Oliff and Olyoptics firing on all cylinders. That next year I was hired by Marc Silvestri to start his computer coloring department, I worked hard, got better, and got to learn from and work with some very talented guys.

Then in 1994, the Image owners had the idea to swap their books for one month. So Marc got to do issue 25 of *Spawn* and me and my guys got to do the coloring for the book. After it came out, Todd called me to tell me how much he liked the color and opened the door to working together at some point in the future.

That very next year I decided to leave TopCow and form my own studio. My first client was Todd and *Spawn*! Not too shabby, huh? I started coloring with issue 41 and my studio and I colored the book through issue 184. Todd was always the best to work with, as he'd generally let you get the work done and at the end of the issue, give you notes on what he liked or didn't for the next issue. I remember one of these sessions taking place on the set for the *Spawn* movie and driving down to the set with John Leguizamo in full Clown costume and makeup...strange days!

Eventually, I became Editor-in-Chief for Todd and was working on my first penciling and inking gig for him, doing a comic series based on his dragon toy line. As I was turning in pages for it, the day came when Todd said, "You know we should get this guy to take over *Spawn*." I had to remind him it was me. So no dragons book. And I got to do a bunch of *Spawn* issues and had the masters, Todd and Greg, to teach me along the way...a real masters class in sequential art and there are no better teachers for that anywhere!

But Todd and Kirkman are the reason I left to do my own creator work with *Anomaly*. As EIC I was in meetings with Todd and Robert trying to staff the new *Haunt* book, Todd would often tell an artist we'd meet with, "You don't want to be known for doing Stan and Jack's character's...you want to be known for doing your own characters." And Robert would chime in with the same message. And it sunk in with me--so much so that I had to follow the master's advice. Todd is one of, if not the reason my new graphic novels exist and my new comics in the future. I'm incredibly proud of having a helping hand with his creation and am also INCREDIBLY proud of the landmark that issue 250 is!

Congratulations and all the best to Todd and crew! I can't wait to read the issue!

Brian Haberlin



SPAWNING GROUND

Over the course of its twenty-two year history and an impressive 250 issues, *Spawn* has weaved the elements of a classic superhero tale, along with a healthy dose of horror, social commentary, and pop exploration of religious mythology.

In truth, if you look closely, *Spawn* can be, and has been, any number of things to any number of observers. But at its heart, at its very core, hidden in plain sight for all to see is a very simple truth; above all else...

Spawn is a love story.

As Al found it in Wanda and fought a war across life and death in its name, Jim found some semblance of it in Sara, a young woman seeking hope and finding it in a man, touched by both light and darkness.

Maybe, just maybe, Jim and Sara could have found peace at the eye of the storm Al Simmons started, but as Al's journey has taught us...

Happy endings are not easily won.

Though as we are about to find out, they are worth fighting for. No matter the odds. No matter the sacrifice.

Welcome back Al Simmons. You've left a trail of pain in your wake and the road ahead is no less bumpy, but with love as your prize, it's a road worth walking.

As much as *Spawn* is a love story, it is also a love letter—to comics, storytelling, and the infinite possibilities of the imagination. Created as a singular vision as part of an industry defining revolution, Todd McFarlane's dark take of redemption and the hero's journey, has launched a pop culture empire responsible for the evolution of multiple genres of media – from comics to action figures and animation.

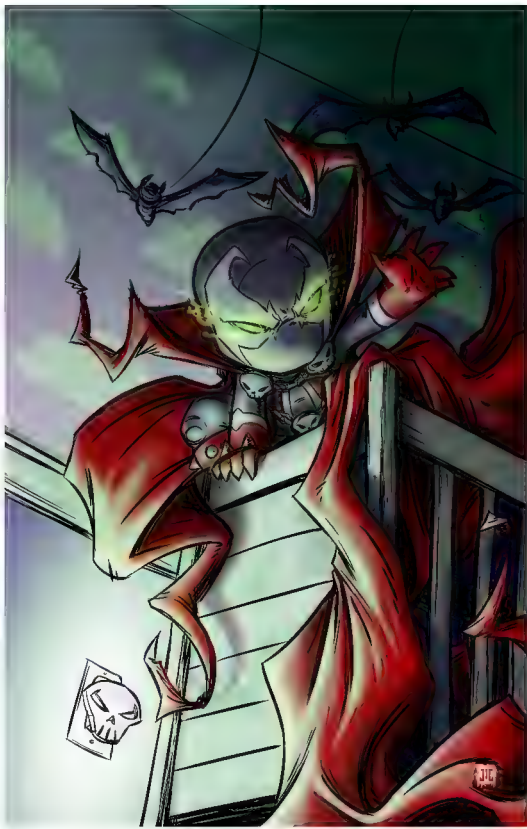
Along the way, Todd has guided *Spawn's* monthly adventures with the help

of some of the industry's greatest storytellers. Over the previous 250 issues, various offshoots and mini-series, these artist and writers have crafted a mythology rich in character and depth and their names read like an all-star list of some of the industry's greatest talent.

Where then from here? 300? Surely. 350? 400? There can be no doubt. But milestones are easy to call out and easy to recognize. It's the individual pit stops along the way that make up the whole. It's the Violator's first appearance in issue #2. Or the Redeemer in #16. It's Granny Blake getting one last dance. Or Twitch reuniting with his lost son. It's the evolution of *Spawn's* costume—gradual, as if with intent. It's Cy-Gor. Jason Wynn and Terry Fitzgerald. It's Wanda and Cyan and all of the moments in between that add up to a story, a journey, and 250 issues in, *Spawn's* not just still going...

...it's just getting started.

Jonathan David Goff



Facebook "Lucky 13"
Art Contest Runner-up
JASON MEETS



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NEXT ISSUE

Al Simmons is BACK! Join him
on his new journey in SPAWN
RESURRECTION next month! A new
adventure awaits!



Facebook "Lucky 13"
Art Contest Winner
RYAN LANG

LANG



SPAWNING GROUND

Facebook "Lucky 13"
Art Contest Runner-ups

RANDY VALIENTE



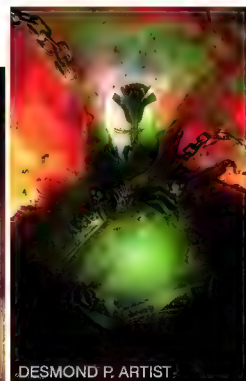
ROB MERIDA



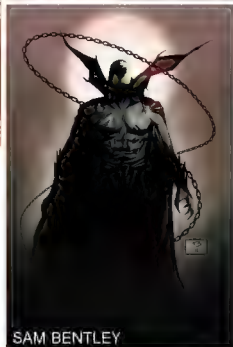
BJORN BARENDT



DESMOND P. ARTIST



SAM BENTLEY



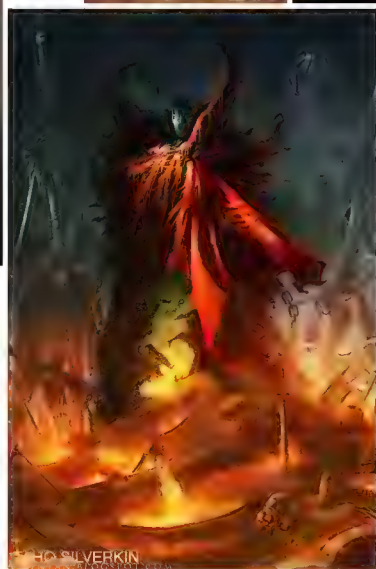
DIEGO MARTIN



STEPHEN BUNT



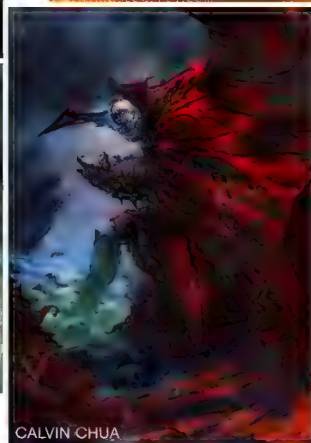
HO SILVERKIN



ALAN HUBBARD

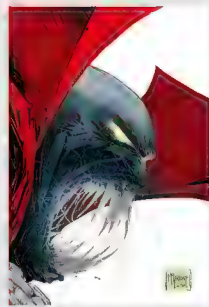


CALVIN CHUA



PREVIOUSLY IN *SPAWN*

Jim continues to face off with the Costume and although the Costume believes he has the upper hand, it is in fact Jim, who does. An epic fight ensues as each one tries to outdo the other. Meanwhile, mass chaos of bugs and snakes unravel in the city as the Costume spreads his evil. Sam and Twitch continue to ponder over the mystery of Jim Downing. While they are going over the evidence, the elusive Cog visits them and enlists their help to stop the pandemonium arising in the city. As Sam and Twitch watch the coverage on TV, they notice the bugs begin to form some sort of shape. Twitch then discovers they are not just shapes, but numbers.



Jim Downing (Spawn) – A man whose past is shrouded in mystery, and connected intimately to the very fabric of the Spawn myths, Jim is the world's newest Hellspawn... and so much more. Having spent years in a deep coma, Jim's main drive is piecing together the fragments of the man he was, in an effort to discover the man he truly is.



Sara Johnston – When Jim woke from his coma (issue #185), Sara was the first person to greet him on the other side of the darkness. A woman of strong faith, Sara's connection to Jim put her life in jeopardy and now she lies in a coma waiting for Jim to save her.



Marc Rosen – A would-be reporter-turned-med manager and confidant of Jim Downing, Marc views Jim as his ticket to a better life – though the price for that success may be far greater than Marc knows.



Susan Mathews – Susan is Marc Rosen's girlfriend and a woman with strong abandonment issues. After a tragic suicide, Susan's body now plays host to demon Hel, a spy of Clown's.



Detective "Twitch" Williams – Twitch, and his partner Sam, have long been embroiled in the deeper mysteries connected to the Hellspawn – first with Jim's predecessor, Al Simmons, and now with Jim. Twitch is unsure of Jim's true motivations, and is haunted by the painful reminder of his son, Max, that was the result of his first encounter with Jim.



Detective Sam Burke – As the paunchy partner of Twitch Williams, he has worked side-by-side with him to find the truth behind the Hellspawn. Although he is a bit of a hot head and a lunch mouth, he is fiercely loyal to the law and his friends, especially Twitch.



Clown – A demon with close ties to the legacy of the Hellspawn, Clown's goal of controlling Jim Downing has continuously been jeopardized. But, ever the survivor, Clown seeks new avenues through which to manipulate his prize – Downing will not slip through his grasp so easily.



Dead Zone – A celestial safe zone, which neutralizes both agents of heaven and Hell's powers. Several Dead Zones exist, though few have been revealed. These portals allow heaven and Hell to place each other's pieces (agents) on the board (Earth), but they're full or gin story may alter the game in a way no one's imagined.



Costume/ Symbiote – The hell-born symbiote that was once bound to the Al Simmons, is now attached to Jim Downing. As the symbiote begins to slowly exert more influence only time will tell just how dangerous this loyal soldier of Hell truly is.

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SPAWN CREATED BY
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DARKNESS

